THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE FRIAR'S BUSH.

An Interesting Relic of Antiquity Near the Stirring City of Belfast

The Better Classes of the Linen City Opposed to the Orange Society.

"THE FRIAR'S BUSH."

A very old hawthorn tree planted upon a small mound is known as "The Friar's Bush," which, I was assured, is hundreds of years old, as the wood shows. Close to the tree is a very ancient head stone, on which are rudely cut three crosses, a large and two smaller ones, with the date, A. D. 488 Around the stone are the words: "This stone marks ye Friar's Grave." But of who the Friar was there seems to be no tradition. It is perhaps worthy of note that the stone itself very closely resembles that which marks the grave of St. Ibar, who died A. D. 500, at Beg Erin, near Wexford. Whoever he was, the nameless Friar lies buried in a lovely spot, just where an opening in the trees gives a glimpse of the beautiful Lagan valley and the hills of Castlerea, rising beyond in the county Down. On the spot marked by a wooden cross mass was often celebrated beneath the old hawthorn in the penal times; the people also met to worship in secret in sandpits close by, and an oak table, used as an altar on those occasions, was long preserved among the Catholics in memory of those days. Strange now to find that in Ulster the Catholics are once again more numerous than the "planters;" that on every side Catholic churches, convents, and schools spring up, and Irish of the old races and faith can and do live in peace and kindliness with their neighbors. It is hoped by all well-thinking northerners that before long the painful scenes that used to disgrace their province and their capital will be as surely things of the days gone by forever as are their old cromlechs —both belonging to an unchristian past; and the names of Sandy-row and Shankill will perhaps but remind old Belfast folk of some such stories as I was told by the aged woman who, a few years ago, was gatekeeper at Friar's Bush. She was

NINETY YEARS OF AGE,

and seemed far older, but, for all that, a smart, bright body, "not a bit afear'd to live alongside the dead."

"Oh, aye! A remember a meanthings, an' a farr way back. Butt A didn't leve hearr always. A led on a place tho' called Hercules street; ett was aweey down behindtt Castle place; the fleshers (butchers) lived there—Catholics tho' were, an' a desperett lot to fight when et come to et. The Catholics dedn't want to fight, butt, of coorse, when the' wer' hett, the' hett back—an' why not? Th' Orangemen wouldn't give tewpence ha'penny a dozen for 'em of the' wueldn't. Ther' was one woman among 'em—she was a flesher's wife (ther's nott an olld body en Belfast but ken mind her tell this day, though ett's feive an'-twenty yearr ago), an' she was the most estrornary woman! Mye! but she was bettber norr twenty men! A mind one 12th of July the sheps' carpenterrs sed as how the'd march threwe Hercules street, an' hew'd darr stop 'em! So on the' comes. The fleshers was all away elsewhere, butt thes woman (Mrs. Hercules the' called herr ever after)—she was a great strong body as 'ed doe anything—she got all the women together an' jest putt ther husbands' cleavers en ther hands, an' on the' all goes tell the top o' the streett, an' there the' sees the whole body of the sheps' carpenters, five hundred of 'em, comin' along. 'Come on!' ses Mrs. Hercules, she ses, stoopin' an' sharpenin' her knife on the stones, back an' forwarrd—whsh—whsh! 'Come on!' she ses (whsh—whsh!)—'come on. The gentlemen's out, butt the leddies es at home' (whsh—whsh! and our old friend vigorously sharpened an imaginary cleaver)—'come on!' An' A tell yew, the' den't come on. A could tell yew a many stories of thatt woman."

A stone's throw from the Friar's tree, a monument by the boundary wall attracts the eye. It was erected by the

REPEALERS OF BELFAST

to a man whose early death deprived Ireland of one who, had he lived till '48, would have shone among the brilliant men of that time. The epitaph on the tombstone tells that it was erected by the Repealers of Belfast in memory of Kenneth F. Buggy, who, at the time of his death in 1843, was editor of the *Vindicator*. On the tomb is the following inscription (the words are O'Connell's, spoken in Conciliation Hall, and refer to the early death of the young patriot and genius):

"Ireland did not possess a purer patriot, nor did a truer Irish heart ever throb within an Irish bosom. An honester, sincerer, more single-hearted, more disinterested man never trod the earth. His early grave was an honored one."

How familiar the name on that tomb seemed to me as the inscription caught my eye, and recalled the many times I had heard, from one who had known and loved him, of the gifted, noble hearted young man, whose life was cut off just at its very opening. Mr. Kenneth Buggy was a native of Kilkenny, where he passed his youth, being at an early age editor of one of the local newspapers. He was highly talented and a true patriot, and his noble qualities had gained him the love of all who knew him well. His death, at the age of 26, was a sorrow to the friends who looked forward to a distinguished career for their fellow countryman.

The real cause of Mr. Buggy's death was a romantic one. He was deeply attached to a beautiful young girl whom he was about to marry, but, on the very eve of the wedding, she married another man, and broke a noble heart. Ken. Buggy never lifted his head or did a day's good for himself from that time forth. He left his home, settled in Belfast, where for a time he took an active part in politics, and where he made many warm friends even in the short time he lived.

I have said that little now remains about Belfast—save names in the old tongue which cling to parishes or districts—to remind anyone that it was once

THE LAND OF THE GAEL

—most Irish of the Irish. But it is strange to note how, in spite of plantations; of the loss of the Irish tongue; of an act of Charles II., commanding that English names be given to all towns and townlands in place of those barbarous Irish cognomens that did so sorely annoy and distress the English subjects; in spite of everything the old story-telling Ballys, Drums, Ards, Knocks, Cahirs, crop up at every turning, and anyone who desires to know the histories of O'Neils and Macdonalds and the stories of the olden days in Ulster will find them in our annals and in the works of the Rev James O'Laverty, the Rev. George Hill, Sir Samuel Ferguson—all men born and reared at home in the north, and who tell of Morley Boy and the men and women who lived in the days when those ancient names had meanings to the ear of all who heard them. But I warn students that it is sorrowful reading.

Today no one connects Belfast with any history save that of linen and—Loyal Orangemen.

Before I visited the north, now some few years since, I imagined that every man there, not a Catholic, was an Orangeman, and that his wife carried his colors. Of course, in social intercourse, people do not go knocking their heads right and left against other people's religious and political feelings, so a good while passed without any allusions to Orange lilies; we went on liking old friends and coming to know and like new ones, and finding the old lady (deep Orange, of course, we supposed) with whom we lodged to be as kind and warm-hearted a soul as ever southerners could wish for to indulge them with hot bannocks of oaten cake. No province could produce a kinder old heart. It was a revelation to me to learn after some time that the great majority of the better class

DISCOUNTENANCE ORANGEISM;

it is only the few who, for their own selfish ends have striven to keep alive bitter feelings among those classes who really have gone on blindly obeying the wire-pullers, who, to serve their own purposes, have taught their people to "hate their neighbor for the love of God," in place of teaching that not alone Christian love, but actual gratitude should have led them to live in peace with their Catholic fellow-citizens. At least nineteen-twentieths of the non-Catholic northern working classes are dissenters, and until Catholic emancipation was won by O'Connell they were unrecognized as a body by the state. Now that the Catholics are becoming so numerous and influential in Belfast, and that their neighbors came to understand them and know them, all the painful, bitter feelings of the past are dying out, and will die out, and so will Orangeism as described in Sir Samuel Ferguson's *Loyal Orangeman*, a copy of which, taken from Sir Samuel's own MS., was printed in the *Irish Monthly* of January, 1889:

"A am a loyal Orangeman,
From Fortadown upon the Bann.
My loyalty, A will maintain,
Was ever and always without stain;
Though rebelly Papishes would call
My loyalty conditional.
A never did insist upon
Nor ask condition beyont the one—
The crown of the causeway in road or street,
And the Papishes put under my feet."

—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

Resolutions of Thanks.

[*To the Editor.*]

At a regular meeting of the Michael Davitt Football Club held on Wednesday evening of last week, it was unanimously resolved:

WHEREAS, John F. Finerty, of THE CITIZEN, has generously given so much space in that newspaper to reports of our games, be it therefore

Resolved, That we very warmly appreciate the kindness of John F. Finerty for the prominence and space he has given in his newspaper, THE CITIZEN, to the sports of the Gaelic Athletic Association, thereby giving them a publicity which aids us in our efforts to make those sports a success; and we hereby express our thanks for this estimable kindness.

The secretary was instructed to forward a copy of the above resolution to Mr. Finerty.

RICHARD W. WOLFE, Sec'y.
F. J. RYAN, Pres't.

Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

WHAT IS A COLD in the head? Medical authorities say it is due to uneven clothing of the body, rapid cooling when in a perspiration, etc. The important point is, that a cold in the head is an inflammation of the lining membrane of the nose, which, when unchecked, is certain to produce a catarrhal condition—for catarrh is essentially a "cold" which nature is no longer able to "resolve" or throw off. Ely's Cream Balm has proved its superlicrity, and sufferers should resort to it before that common ailment becomes seated and ends in obstinate catarrh.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

Important Conference of Parliamentary Leaders Held in Dublin.

Composition of the New Delegation to America—Other News of Interest.

AN IMPORTANT CONFERENCE.

The conference of the Irish Nationalists called by Mr. Parnell was held in London on Monday. Part of the business of the conference was the selection of a deputation to visit America for the purpose of laying before the people of that country a plain statement of the situation of affairs in Ireland. Messrs. John Dillon William O'Brien, Thomas Power O'Connor, Timothy D. Sullivan, and Abram Gill were appointed to form the deputation.

The proceedings of the convention were conducted in private. There was a large attendance, and most of the prominent members of the Nationalist party were present. Mr. Justin McCarthy moved the adoption of four resolutions, all of which had been previously submitted to Mr. Parnell. The first of these pledges the fullest support of the National League to the tenants who are threatened with ruin in consequence of the course adopted by the government and landlord syndicates. The second resolution demands that certain distressed districts in the southern and western parts of Ireland be given special consideration by the government and that measures be taken at once for the relief of the inhabitants. The government is called upon to inaugurate a series of public improvements for the purpose of giving employment to the people and enabling them to support themselves without charitable assistance. The third resolution condemns in emphatic terms the action of the government in causing the arrest of Messrs. O'Brien, Dillon, and other Nationalist leaders arraigned at Tipperary. The fourth resolution says that the Nationalist party is compelled by circumstances to make an appeal to its friends everywhere in behalf of the Irish tenants, and it looks especially to its friends in America to subscribe generously for the benefit of a distressed people. This appeal, the resolution says, is made most unwillingly, but the desperate straits in which the Irish tenants are now placed makes it absolutely necessary that assistance should be asked from friends and sympathizers throughout the world.

Mr. Parnell sent a telegram to the conference saying that he greatly regretted his inability to be present, and expressing confidence that the deliberations of the meeting would be guided by wisdom and patriotism and would result in the good of the public. He also expressed the hope that the mission to America would meet with all possible success.

Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien and the other Nationalists who remained at Tipperary sent telegrams expressing their regret that a "disgusting judicial farce" prevented their attending the conference.

The city hall, where the conference was held, was so crammed that several members of parliament were obliged to stand during the proceedings. After the reading of the telegrams from absentees Mr. McCarthy made the opening speech. He referred to the trial in Tipperary as grotesque. Mr. Parnell, he said, although absent, was in active co operation with everything they did. He had studied and sanctioned all the resolutions. Mr. Sexton had come to Ireland to attend the convention, but the death of his mother had compelled him to be absent. In spite of these absences the party was full of confidence, which fact would not give comfort to some of their opponents. They had faith in the unconquerable Irish people, whom ages of despotic power had not subdued, and they were not likely to be greatly intimidated by the sham Cromwellism of the present day. They had faith in Irishmen abroad and in the great liberal democracy of England. They had faith in their leaders—Parnell, Gladstone, and Morley—and the prospect ahead was full of growing light. [Loud cheers.]

Mr. O'Connor in moving the first resolution congratulated the party upon the recovery of Mr. Parnell from an illness which at one time threatened to be mortal and to paralyze the whole future of the Irish cause. He rejoiced to be able to tell Mr. Parnell that he stood as high as ever in the affections and confidence of the Irish people, and that they desired to express their appreciation of his unerring genius and indomitable courage. Mr. O'Connor inveighed against the Unionist syndicate working against the Ponsonby and other tenants as a conspiracy "extending from the first lord of the treasury to the miserable loafers who do the actual work." The Nationalists appealed to Irishmen throughout the world for generous assistance to defeat the hopes of the enemies of Ireland and to show that if the purse of the exchequer is broad and deep it is not so broad and deep as the purses of the friends of Ireland.

T. D. Sullivan, in seconding the resolution, said that the river Shannon must be uneasy because a miserable magistrate in Tipperary bore the same glorious name

The first resolution was carried unanimously.

Mr. Redmond offered a second resolution, and paid a high tribute to the generosity of Ireland's American friends. But he pointed out that such a movement as the famine fund would not be unattended with danger. In too many cases this generosity simply had the effect of filling the coffers of Irish landlords. If Irishmen did their duty to themselves and the Parnellites were able, as he believed they would be, to force the government to do a small part of its duty, it would be possible to hide over the coming distress without the humiliation and shame of again appealing to the charity of the world.

Messrs. Dillon, O'Brien, Sheehy, Harrison, and Condon returned to Dublin tonight. They were met at the station by a great crowd and were escorted to Mr. Dillon's residence. In response to repeated demands for a speech Mr. Dillon came out on the balcony and made a brief address. He said that he and his associates would be no party to parading the Irish people before the world as a nation of beggars. The people ought not to be driven to beg when there was food enough in the country.

Mr. O'Brien also addressed the crowd. He praised the generosity of the Irish Americans and spoke of the importance the conference as a parliament of the whole Irish race.

The London *Chronicle* says the absence of Mr. Parnell from the conference at Dublin indicates not only a disagreement with his colleagues on the plan of campaign but, what is far more important, his inability to propound any workable scheme for the permanent relief of the congested districts in Ireland.

NATIONALISTS ON TRIAL.

The magistrate's court at Tipperary before which the case of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien and a number of other defendants who are charged with conspiracy is being heard reconvened on Monday morning. All the accused, with the exception of Mr. O'Mahoney, who is ill, were present, but their counsel, Mr. Redmond and Mr. Timothy Healy, were absent, in consequence of an important engagement which demanded their attendance elsewhere. On behalf of O'Mahoney Mr. Dillon produced certificates from two Clonmel doctors stating that he was seriously ill and that it was impossible for him to attend the trial. Mr. Ronan, prosecutor for the crown, objected to the certificates as not being valid excuse for Mr. O'Mahoney's absence, and insisted that the doctors be summoned by the court to testify as to their patient's condition. Mr. Dillon said the doctors' certificates would have to be accepted as evidence that Mr. O'Mahoney was in no condition to appear before the court, and the doctors themselves distinctly refused to come to court to substantiate the statements they had already made in their certificates. Mr. Ronan asked the court to adjourn for half an hour to enable the crown to decide whether the charge against O'Mahoney would be withdrawn or an application made for a warrant for his arrest.

Upon the reassembling of the court Mr. Ronan stated that the prosecution had telegraphed to two doctors in Clonmel requesting them to examine O'Mahony, and had sent a third from Tipperary to visit and examine the defendant. He expected that the doctors would appear in court later and testify as to O'Mahoney's condition, and he therefore asked that the court take a further adjournment. In the course of his remarks Mr. Ronan said that O'Mahony, through his solicitor, had placed the court at defiance.

This remark excited the indignation of Mr. Dillon, who declared Mr. Ronan's statement untrue. He further said he had done his best to procure the attendance of Mr. O'Mahoney's doctor.

Mr. O'Brien said the defendants had a right to complain against the course of the prosecution. His remarks, he declared, were addressed to an audience in England, and were designed to injure the defendants. Mr. O'Brien's remarks were greeted with cries of "Hear, hear," by the defendants. A scene of confusion ensued. Mr. Ronan repeated his remarks again and again and Mr. Dillon, who was very angry, loudly denied them. The defendants in the meantime protested against the charges made by the prosecutor.

When order was again partially restored Mr. Dillon warmly protested against the court taking any further adjournment. He maintained that in justice no warrant could be issued for the arrest of Mr. O'Mahoney until the court had heard the testimony of his doctors. Another heated wrangle then took place between the crown prosecutor and Mr. Dillon. The court finally granted Mr. Ronan's request and a further adjournment was taken. The action of the defendants, who are on bail, is likely to result in their committal to the Clonmel jail for contempt of court.

When the court resumed Dr. Nadin, who had seen O'Mahoney, testified that he would be unable to attend for at least four days. Ultimately the trial was adjourned until Friday.

Hand Ball in Chicago.

The lovers of this favorite old Irish pastime who attended at Kennedy's ball court, Thirty seventh street, on last Sunday to witness the contest for the championship and the gold medal offered by Mr. Kennedy, were disappointed, owing to the fact of two of the would-be players not attending. Messrs. John Daly and David Cashen were on hand, with quite a numerous gathering of the lovers of the art, including Messrs. Ward, Finnigan, O'Shea, Forde, Gahan, O'Brien, Lanigan and others. All were in eager expectation of witnessing the exciting game, but up to 4 p. m. Messrs. Hugh O'Brien and Dennis Cronin, who were to combat for the prize against the before-mentioned players, did not put in an appearance, and the match was postponed until Sunday next, the 12th inst., when it is hoped the latter pair of players will materialize. Capt. Humphrey and Marshal Campion, of the fire department, will be present on that date, and will play a match with any two offering, on terms to be arranged. The presentation medal is a chaste specimen of artistic engraving; on the obverse being beautifully engraven the Irish harp (without the crown). The ball court is as handsome and comfortable a building as is to be found anywhere, and the game of hand ball is quite as exciting and interesting as hurling and football and far less dangerous. Your base ball and lawn tennis are not to be compared to it for the amusement of both players and spectators. It is hoped that there will be a goodly crowd present on the 12th.

THRIFTY HOUSEKEEPERS.

Eleanor Kirk Tells American Ladies How They May Become Expert Bread Makers.

She Engages to Make the Best Kind of "Staff of Life" in Ten Minutes.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct., 6.—The charge of immorality that some of the Brooklyn public school principals have brought against Longfellow in their attempts to have certain passages expunged from his poem, "The Building of the Ship," is meeting with the contempt it deserves. Human imbecility can certainly go no farther than this. It has reached its utmost limit for all time, and yet those who know anything must be aware that this wicked and damnable criticism of one of our purest and most deeply loved poets could not have sprung either from imbecility or from a desire to protect the children from contamination. It looks as if there was a job at the bottom of it, and if so the future will doubtless disclose it. These would-be expungers may have been willing to write themselves asses for the sake of making it hot for somebody or for the conciliation of the sectarian element in our public schools. The "wheels that are within wheels" are very complicated little things, and when they squeak, as is not infrequently the case, they "give away" the rest of the machinery.

Longfellow's love for children was the passion of his life, and to accuse him of willingly or ignorantly writing a single line that would be likely to contaminate them is an infamous act, and one which lovers of Longfellow will not soon forget. I append a little poem which perhaps some of my readers have forgotten, a poem which tells the whole pure story of his affection for little folks:

Come to me, O ye children,
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings
And the wisdom of our books
When compared with your caresses
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said,
For ye are living poems
And all the rest are dead.

"A New Housekeeper" who cannot afford the service of a servant writes that both she and her husband hate baker's bread, but that she dare not attempt to make bread herself "because of the vast amount of muscular strength required to produce successful loaves." There has been a "vast amount" of talk about "conscientiousness in kneading," and the "prodigal use" of what is facetiously termed "elbow grease," but there isn't much in it after all. I would be willing to wager that I can make as light, as white, as perfect a batch of bread in ten minutes as any of these chronic croakers can turn out with all their fuss. I will take five minutes for the first mixing, sifting the flour and all, and five minutes after it is risen to get it into the oven. I will guarantee also not to get out of breath or tire a muscle. Bread to be good requires good materials. It must have the best flour, and if the yeast is not to be thoroughly depended upon the manufacture of bread is very ticklish business. For that reason I always recommend Fleischmann's compressed yeast, because it has been used for years by myself and my servants without a single failure. My dough has been queer stuff, though, several times, when imitations have been imposed upon the girls who bought the yeast. This summer I had a woeful experience of this kind, and as we were six miles from a bakery, corn bread and mush had to no double duty. If "New Housekeeper" will be careful not to be misled by the little yellow label, and will be sure to read the firm name, and if she does not put rancid butter or stale lard into her dough, in fact if she is governed by my previous directions, she will have good bread without a fuss and without fatigue. On this I will stake my reputation as a cook, and I can cook, "if I do say it as I shouldn't."

A correspondent wishes to know if in my opinion, the daughter of General Fremont should have been trained to some profession or trade by which she could have made a living for herself and her mother.

It is utterly impossible, it seems to me, that there could be two opinions on this subject. I think we can lay down this premise without fear of contradiction. A truly self respecting woman would rather support herself than be supported by charity, private or public. I don't think it would have been a bad idea for Mrs. Fremont to have been able to turn herself if worst came to worst. She is, as one of her sons remarks, "getting in years," but the occupation which provides the comforts of life would have kept her young and happy. Work is a miraculous panacea, and is never a degradation. That there is a national side to this question I do not dispute. Mrs. Fremont should have had her pension, and without the necessity of disclosing her need of it. But republics are ungrateful, and taking everything into consideration it seems to me a pity that the wife and daughter of this famous man could not have been spared the necessity of having their poverty paraded before the world.

A young girl informs me that some of her school companions "snub" her "unmercifully" because her mother insists that she shall spend a certain time every day in the kitchen. The poor child hastens to add that her father is rich, and that there is really no reason for their disdain. This is pitiful. Why is there not some attempt made in our schools to impress upon the young mind the fact that true power lies in knowledge alone, and that wealth is only an accident? Heaven knows that I would not have our girls masculine in their tastes or their manners. But I would have them thoroughly independent, and the girl who knows how to cook and properly manage domestic affairs has made a long stride in that direction. Why, my dear, there is no institution so fashionable now as the cooking school. So let the unmerciful snubbers go on. While they are sniffing you are learning to grapple with and conquer difficulties, and the joy of one that overcometh is greater than anything that wealth can bestow.

Kate Field has found out by means of statistics furnished her by the Chicago Board of Pharmacy, that American women spend—$62,000,000—sixty two million dollars a year on cosmetics, most of which are made of zinc, oxide, calomel, arsenic, and other poisons.

I breathe a long breath and feel as if my hands were at last upheld in the crusade I have so long been making against these health destroying lotions. I do entreat those of my readers who are possessed of brains to stop buying poisons, and read a little on the skin as an absorbent. I am willing to tell my friends who have been in the habit of using cosmetics whose properties they are ignorant of, just what to do if they will take the trouble to ask me. In the meantime use warm water and pure soap. Neuralgia is said by some physicians to have its origin in these poisonous preparations for the complexion.

ELEANOR KIRK.

RECENT IRISH MARRIAGES.

Sept. 9, 1890, at the Roman Catholic church, Rathaniek, by the Rev. P. Phelan, P. P., Thomas Gowing, Kilminchey, Maryborough, to Mary Bridget, oungest daughter of Patrick Drennan, Grange, Stradbally, Queen's county.

Sept. 2, 1880, at the Church of St. Kevin, Harrington street, by the Rev. Matthew McEntee, C. C., John Kenny to Mary O'Kelly, both of this city.

Sept. 8, 1890, at St. James's Roman Catholic church, James street, by the Rev. B. O'Reilly, C. C, St. James', assisted by the Rev. J. Ryan, C. C., St. Michael's, William F. Smyth, 9 Leahy terrace, Sandymount, only son of the late Peter Smyth, and stepson of the late Thomas Kiernan, to Maggie, eldest daughter of the late Richard Hayden, Brandon terrace, city.

Sept. 7, 1890, at the Church of St. Catherine, Meath street, by the Rev. P. Dunne, C. C., John, third son of the late John Waters, Castleblaney, County Monaghan, to Ellen, youngest daughter of the late Michael O'Brien, Rathvilly, County Carlow.

Sept. 7, 1890, at St. Michael and John's, Lr. Exchange street, Patrick, second youngest son of the late Roger Barry, Tipperary, to Margaret (Maggie), second eldest daughter of the late Richard Collins, Lower Cambrasil street, and widow of the late Felix Boyle, 18 Dame court.

Sept. 16, 1890, at St. Mark's church by the Rev. John Geddes, LL. B., William Loftus Buckley, Caledonia terrance, Beggarsbush, to Annie Emily, eldest daughter of R Budd, Alnwick, Sussex.

Sept. 11, 1890, at the Roman Catholic church, Castleblayney, by the Rev. Canon Hoey, P. P., John Scanlon, R. I. C., Hackballcross, County Louth, to Catherine, second eldest daughter of John Duffey, Killagolla, county Monaghan.

Sept. 9, 1890, at Derrane, county Roscommon, by the Rev. T. P. Neary, P. P., assisted by the Rev. P. Bambrick, C. C., and Rev. D. Gaffney, C. C., Joseph Brennan, Strokestown, to Mary Margaret, eldest daughter of James Geraghty, Cloonara cottage, Roscommon.

Sept. 9, 1890, at Kilcurry Roman Catholic church, by the Very Rev. Father O'Neill, C. C., John Culhane, Royal Irish constabulary, Dundalk, to Teresa, youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Garland, of Dungooley, Forkhill.

Sept 9, at St. Munchin's, Limerick, by the Very Rev. Dr. Moloney, V. G., John Francis, eldest son of Jasper W. Walsh, Wexford, to Mary Theresa (Sissie), eldest daughter of James O'Connell, collector of inland revenue, Limerick.

August 28, 1890, at the Church of St. Saviour, Dominick street, Dublin, William M. Byrne, solicitor, Tullow, to Mary Imelda, only daughter of the late Patrick Byrne, Wicklow.

Sept. 8, 1890, at the Church of the Visitation, by the Rev. Canon Keon, P. P. Anthony J. Collins, of Benduff, Cootehill, to Alice, youngest daughter of the late Michael Beatty, Dublin.

Sept. 10, 1890, at the University chapel, Stephen's green, Dublin, Joseph M. S. Kenny, M. B., B. U. I., to Lizzie M., daughter of the late W. O'Flanagan, Granard.

Sept. 8, 1890, at the Church of Our Lady of Refuge, Rathmines, Michael K. Roche, of No. 8 Rostrevor terrace, Orwell road, Rathgar, eldest son of the late Nicholas Roche, Esq., of Ballinamona, Nenagh, to Elizabeth Thomasina (Tommie), eldest daughter of Thomas E. Hearn, Esq., of No. 77 Leinster road, Dublin.

Sept. 3, at Nottingham, Arthur Stanley, bishop of Brighton, to Emily Kate Woodhouse, of Nottingham.

Sept. 2, at the Pro Cathedral Dublin, by special license, Denis J. Flynn, M. D., M. Ch., 3 Camden place, Cork, second son of John Flynn, C. H. C., Horsehead House, Passage, Cork, to Gertrude (Gertie), eldest surviving daughter of P. A. Riordan, M. D, Cloyne.

Sept. 4, at Surbiton, George Philip Willoughby, of Bloomsbury, to Flora Mary, daughter of the late Major-General J. P. Clarkson, of Chappeltown House, Surbiton.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued)

DISASTER!

Fatigued as he was, and worn with want of rest, Eugene felt himself unable to close his eyes or woo sleep to his brain—although his young companion had scarce lain down when he was in a sound slumber.

He thought over the events of the past few weeks at Seamore, so peaceful and happy; and, whilst he did not murmur at the sudden call that brought him away, he felt sorry that his time had not been longer there. He wondered what Helen and Miss Howard would say, when, in the morning, they read his hurried note. He could almost see now—he felt sure that about this time they would have read it—the expression of surprise that would fasten in Helen's blue eyes, and the look of disappointment that would pale her face. What would he not give to have been able to say one last hurried word to her, and tell her that, though seas might roll between them, her face would be for ever present to him, and how dearly he loved her. How dearly, indeed, he loved her he did not himself feel until now, when circumstances hurriedly separated them. His very heart went forth to her in passionate tenderness and yearning! Every glance of her blue eye brightening into a smile as she loooked, every movement of her graceful form as they rode side by side, the airy grace with which she handled the tiller when the breeze sent their little yacht sflying along the Dublin coast and brought the rich tints of rosy health into her cheeks, the musical voice as she carolled softly some old lay whose cadences seems to sink into the most inmost recesses of his heart and lie there—all came up on his thoughts with great force. There was a loneliness at his heart, a sinking of his spirits, as he thought that he was going from her presence—going, without even knowing that she returned his love, or that he might ever hope she would.

One thought occurred to him to brighten the gloom that was clouding on him; he would speedily return—the fleet, of which he was a commissioned captain, would shortly spread its sails for the Irish coast; and, once there, he would soon bask in the light of her beauty again, and tell her those passionate thoughts of love that were now passing through his brain and pressing at his heart.

In the middle of these reflections he fell asleep.

The sorrow of the separation that weighed on his heart whilst awake acted on his dreams, which partook of their desponding character.

He was at Seamore again, but, somehow, incongruously as is the manner of dreams, as a prisoner. Lonely, dejected, and outcast he was, amid the gaiety and joyousness of the place. There appeared to be but scant welcome for him, and, though surprised at this, he was unable from his position to find the reason. He saw Helen occasionally passing through the orchard at a distance, in all the enchanting gracefulness of her handsome form, or on horseback cantering along, turning her bewitching eyes upon the cavalier in attendance, whom he knew with a pang even in his dreams to be Trevor Mortimer. A spasm of pain, like sudden poison killing the life within him, shot through his heart as he saw the easy, careless way in which her glances of affection were received by Mortimer, as if he were so certain of them and so assured of her love that it were needless for him to take the trouble of winning it.

Suddenly the scene changed. He stood beside the pillar of a church, a looker-on at some ceremony of which, for the nonce, he could not make out the meaning. By degrees the scene became clearer—it was a wedding. The altar was draped with flowers. The candles were lighted. The forms standing before the clergyman revealed themselves into distinctness—oh, heavens!—they were Helen Barrington and Trevor Mortimer. A feeling of rage, despair, insanity, suddenly seemed to possess him and render him helpless and stunned. The torrent of passion rendered him for a moment all but unconscious, out of which vacuity he was stirred by the words falling dimly on his ear: "Will thou take this man for thy wedded husband?" and the answer came in Helen Barrington's voide, low and soft, "I will."

Careless of place and time and circumstances, his agonized heart cried aloud:

"I forbid it! She is mine by reason of the strong love I bear her!—mine by reason of the heart and life she has made her own!"

Undeterred by—indeed, uncaring for—the effect his conduct had produced, he was pushing frantically his way up to the altar to claim her, if not by her own will, by the strength of his right arm, when a hand rudely placed on his shoulder awoke him!

A confused murmur of voices was in the little cabin.

The sinking rays of the sun shone dimly in through the window, darkened occasionally by the rush of the white crested wave as it flew by; but, though this was vaguely palpable to him, so absorbed had his dreaming brain become in the imaginary pictures called up before him, that for some time his waking thoughts could not realize whether it was imagination or actuality!

He was roused into complete consciousness by a rough shake; and a harsh voice said:

"Come, come, my good fellow, get up! You cannot be so sound asleep as all that. Don't have us to awaken you with a cutlass point. It is a capital awakener, but might be a trifle injudicious now, when his Majesty wants men so badly. Get up!"

"Where am I? What is this? Who are you?" asked Eugene in half awaked astonishment as he saw the strange uniforms crowding the cabin, and the strange faces filling the doorway. "Where am I?"

"Where are you?" said the speaker with a mocking laugh, reiterating the question. "You are at present in the cabin of the Albatross—as villainous a little craft as ever tricked his Majesty's cutters, and stole treasonous messages and traitors from Ireland to France. And if you ask who are we: I am first lieutenant of his Majesty's ship of seventy four, hard by, on board of which I must ask you to accompany me."

"Is this true, Frangois?" asked Eugene, still half doubting that his senses were not deceiving him.

"True—yes," said the other mechanically; and Eugene saw at once from the manner in which he spoke that they had been seized while yet he slept.

"I am a French officer," he said, "on active service in the Republican fleet, but at present proceeding on private business; and it is not according to the rules of war to make me a prisoner."

"The greater the reason why you will be welcome to us. You will need less training," said the officer mockingly.

"This mockery is not the part of brave men to those unarmed," said Eugene, as, having dressed himself, he stood upright among them.

"Perhaps not," said the officer sneeringly, "they act otherwise in your service. A swing from the yard arm or a fusillade on the quarter deck is the distinguishing honor you confer in *your* service on English prisoners."

"It is false," said Eugene angrily, "French officers know how to treat a captive foe."

"So I have said," said the lieutenant with a wink at his comrades, who answered with a laugh. "They only know it too well. But we have not time to discuss the subject at present. We shall have ample time later on. Meantime, I shall thank you for any papers you possess."

"Pardon, monsieur," said Eugene haughtily, as he noticed with ill restrained anger this disposition to jeer on the part of his captors. "You must get these as best you may. Even if I possessed them I should be sorry to yield them up. You have no right to make prisoners of men not in arms."

"Not in arms, possibly; engaged on a treasonable mission, yes. But if you do not wish to yield them up we shall make search for them otherwise. Men, take the prisoners on board the Tnunderer."

The order was at once complied with; and between files of marines the five prisoners marched on deck and up the gangway that depended from the side of the huge man of war.

After a long and careful search into every part of the Albatross, the lieutenant and the few men that remained with him clambered on deck also; a long gun was run out from one of the portholes and depressed on the little bark.

A puff of smoke, a flash of light, a sharp boom, and the Albatross, shattered from stem to stern, filled rapidly, and sank in the deep waters—her sails destined never more to fill with the freshening breeze or her keel to cleave the glistening waters.

Her voyages between France and Ireland were ended.

CHAPTER X

CONDEMNED AS A SPY.

It was with a heart beating with conflicting emotions that Eugene found himself in the officers' quarters of the Thunderer, wherein at a large table sat the captain and a number of gentlemen resplendent with all the gorgeousness of naval uniform. If he had had time to analyze these emotions he would have found the principal one to be a vague sense of disappointment and loss and disaster. Not loss and disaster to himself—for he knew well enough that every man in warfare on sea or land must run the risk of these—they are the incidents of his profession; but for others. Simple as was the little bark in appearance that was even then making her rapid way through the deep waters to the bottom, she bore important fortunes. The future of a gallant and brave nation struggling into the light of freedom was in her keeping, and mayhap the safety of a powerful and friendly fleet. He was, convinced, from all that he had heard the night before, that the only chance for success attending the great venture which France was about to make in Ireland's cause, was in making the eastern coast their point of debarkation; and that unless the present intention of the Republican leaders were altered, sorrow would come to the cause now engaging the attention of the high hearted men whom he had left last night—and misfortune to a French army and fleet.

Relying upon the great success with which hitherto their messages had been conveyed, he knew the Irish leaders would rely on *this* message reaching safely also, and would not send a duplicate. Indeed, except himself and Frangois, they had no one sufficiently acquainted with French customs and ways to do the work. He shuddered at the thought of the tremendously important efforts now making in France in the wrong direction, and the impossibility at present of a warning or advising voice reaching them.

He banished, with a strong effort, these uncomfortable feelings and thoughts, as he perceived the necessity for keeping a bold and unconcerned front to the group of officers before whom he was brought. And his first thought in this new train of ideas which his position suggested was, what information as to his position and recent doings should he give his captors, or should he decline to give any at all? The query had no sooner occurred to him than he immediately answered it by mentally adopting the latter course. But the first question addressed to him showed how futile it was.

"Your name is Eugene Lefebre?" half queried, half affirmed the captain, after glancing at a paper lying on the table before him.

"Yes, that is my name," said the prisoner with great surprise; for he was quite unable to comprehend how they had acquired knowledge of his name.

"First lieutenant on board the French Republican frigate, La Vengeur?"

"I hold that position," said Eugene, bowing.

"You have been in Ireland?"

"I have."

"State to the court here assembled the mission or business that brought you there."

"That I must decline doing."

"It is unnecessary for you to do so. It is all set out here. You were, in the first place, sent on business, on a treasonable errand, from the usurping Republican government to stir up disaffection in Ireland and to give countenance and aid and advice to certain traitors there. Is not that so?"

"I decline to state."

"Be it so. You were further sent over to make arrangements for the possible landing of a French invading force, now or at some future time. Is not that so?"

"I decline to state," said Eugene, with some difficulty, endeavoring to keep a calm and unconcerned bearing in face of these statements. He was completely puzzled how they could have arrived at this information, considering the secrecy with which his mission had been conducted.

"It is entirely unnecessary for you to do so; I see the statements are quite correct. You see, lieutenant, how well we are served in our information. This is a question you can perhaps answer: What treatment is awarded in your nation to emissaries caught stirring up rebellion and anarchy?"

"That is a question for yourself to answer," said Eugene haughtily?'

"Perhaps it is. What treatment is awarded in your nation to persons found acting as spies from the enemy's camp?"

"I am no spy," said Eugene indignantly. "The French service never sends its officers on such service."

"They do not give them that name, perhaps. We do. Well, as you prefer not to answer, I shall answer for you. If caught on land, they are shot on a trench side without trial; if on sea, they are summarily strung up from the yard arm without investigation."

"I fear neither the one nor the other," said the prisoner proudly.

"Fear would be useless and unavailing before the inevitable. We shall, however, recognize your position and your youth by according you some time. We shall not take you as short as your nation have taken many of our brave officers—if we are strong we shall be merciful. We shall give you the night to prepare for the next world. The sentence of the court is, that you be hung from the yard-arm at gun shot in the morning. Take the prisoner away."

It was a short and inglorious termination to a career so bright with hope and future promise. The glorious life which he had pictured to himself in the French service had vanished, as a cloud obscures a burst of sunshine of an April day.

Yet he thought not of these things as he lay upon the bunk which was the only article of furniture in the ship's prison wherein he was confined.

"I have too often faced death before," he thought to himself, as he extended his form thereon, "to fear it now, though it presents itself in an unexpected shape. I have often enough seen those bright with hope and radiant with enthusiasm go forth in the morning—and never return. There was no sorrowing over them, for they had died as became brave men, in the high and honored remembrance of their comrades. Wherefore should I care for death? But—I should like to see Helen. I should like to see her if for one instant only, to tell her of the deep love I bore her. The only sad thing in this end of mine is that she shall never know it. The will of heaven be done."

His thoughts went over to the seashore at Seamore, to the orchard which he had passed so blithely through some weeks before, and to the rambles in the soft November sunshine through the meadows around or over the white strand. He placed his hand on his breast to assure himself that the treasured glove was there.

He placed it to his lips and kissed it.

Finally he fell asleep. The end was now come, and all anxiety and care in the future for him was terminated. Precisely as the convict—knowing the worst, and anticipating in the world nothing further—will sleep the night before his doom comes, so the young Frenchman, without seeming it, obtained the sleep he vainly courted when in safety, and in dreamless slumbers passed the night.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Medine Noctis Consilium

An Reim-sgeal.

[LEANTA O'N T-SEACHT-MHAIN SO CHUAIDH THART.]

A h-aoirde ceart má mheas mé díreach,
Sé no seacht do shlata 's fuidheach,
Bhí péirse beacht do bhrat a sraoile,
Lé san t-slab le drab is ríobul.
Budh mhór, budh mhear, budh fhaghais le feachaint,
Suas na h-eadan créachtach, créimtheach,
Budh anfadh ceailtair, 'sbudh sgaoradh saoghalta,
A drad 'na drandal mantach, méiregreach.
A Righ gach Máigh! budh láidir lomhthadh,
A bíomadh láimhe 's lán-staf íute,
Cómharthadh práis na bár air spíceadh,
'S cómhachtadh báilleadh a náirde air sgríobhthadh.
A dubhairt go gorgach d'fhocalaibh dána,
Múgail? coraig? a chodaltaig ghrána,
Is dúbhach an t-sligh dhuit slúte ad shliastadh,
'S cúirt na sufghe 'gus mílte triall ann.
Ní cúirt gan acht gan reacht gan riaghail í,
Na cúirt na g-creach mar chleacht tu riamh í,
An chúirt seo ghluais o shiuaigute réimhe,
Acht cúirt na d-truagh, na m-buadh, 's na m-béithe.
Is mór le muidheamh a g-crúochaibh Eibhir,
Uaisle síghe mar shuighseadar d'aon-ghuth,
Dá lá 's oídhche air bhéilm an t-sléibhe,
A b-palá soibhinn bhruighean loch Gréine.
Is daingion do ghnóll sí air shoillse an rígh,
'S air mhaithibh an deaghlaig thaí bhuaig síghe,
'S air uimhir na buídne bhí na n-dáil.
Mar d'imthig gach dith air shrúchaibh Fáil
Gan sealbh, gan saoirse, ag faoirach seannda,
Gan ceanas a n-dligh, gah cíos, gan ceannpuirt,
Do sgriosag an tír, 's ní 'l na n-dlaig ann,
A n-ionad na luibheann acht fígh 'nus flaghaile,
An uaisle b'fhearr chum fághain mar léigeadh,
'S uachtar lámh ag fásiaig shaidhbhre.
Fealladh le foun 's foghail gan feachaint,
Feannadh na lobhar 'san lom dá léirsgrios.
Is cocharach, dúbhach, mar d'fhúig gach daoirse,
Go dotibh, dúr, a n-dúbh-sheart dílgthe,
An faun gan feídhm ná faghaidh o aon neach,
Acht clampar doímhis, 's luighe chum éithig.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

The following poem was sent to THE CITIZEN from a gentleman in Boston shortly after "Patraic's" great poem, "An Ruiséiseach Bocht" appeared in it; but, unfortunately, it was mislaid. At the author's request we now print it:

Má céasadh do chroidhe duit, a Ruiséalaigh mhóir
Le peann geur i láimh dheis ár bh-filidh,
Ná leig é sin air do chrodhachd, a stóir,
'S ná leig dó, do mhianach do mhilleadh.
Mar theasduigheann ó chúis ár sean Gaedhilge fós
Do mhór laochrachd láidir, "a fhathaigh fhíor fhiadhain,"
Chum faitchís do chur air an té le droch-nós
Do thabhairfeadh mimheas air ár d-teangain.

Is deacair cur suas leis an trom-bhuile treun
Dá thainic anuas air do chiotgeann;
A bhráthar, is feárr é go mór fós duit féin
'Na bagairt trom-dhiochaltais de chroiceann
Mhic ceoil le flidheacht cho milis le spéir
'Nuair labhairreann an fhuiseog gan feicsint;
Ná h-abradh 'dá órlach a's feárr' linn go léir
"Beidh diogbaltas 'gam fós as do chriceann."

Gidh caradas mór duit tá 'gainn uile go fíor
'S is doiligh linn tusa bheith tosda
Faoi fhuagra an éigis Mhic Aodhgáin go sior,
'S le peann glic an fhilidh bheith crosda;
Acht trom-mheur do ghortoch aon bhall de air bith,
Má leigir air an té dá rabhais oide,
Gheobhair buille 'gus poc shúrfeadh bliadhain thu air crith,
Dá m éigin dúinn dréimire fhághail chúige.

GEUG.

Medicine-de-frise.

Several centuries ago, the peasantry of Poland finding their country invaded by a mounted army, and having no cavalry to put in opposition, conceived the idea of stopping the advance of the horses by putting in their way pieces of timber, pierced in X fashion by stout rods of wood, tipped with sharp iron points. It was impossible for the horses of the invaders to make any way against this ingenious device, and, with a grim sort of humor, the soldiers dubbed it the horse of Friesland, or, those particular soldiers being Frenchmen, cheval de Friesland. This was presently corrupted to cheval-de frise, or, in the plural, chevaux de frise.

What the Frislans did then, soldiers who are put on the defensive have done ever since; and so have gardeners who grow tempting fruits, or gentlemen who have attractive dooryards in the city. In fact a cheval de frise, properly constructed, is so good a barrier to progress, that it seems to suggest itself naturally to both man and beast; for it is not only the soldier who constructs one according to rule, or the gardener who makes one off hand by sowing broken bottles in mortar on the top of his wall, who have thought of this method of repelling invasion. A great many birds recognize the value of thorn bushes for nesting places, and one bird at least—the road runner of our western, or southwestern, plains—displays now and then a sound knowledge of the practical uses of the chevaux de frise. It is said that its hatred of rattlesnakes is so intense that when it finds one asleep in the warm sand of the deserts it will gather the spiny leaves of the prickly pear—a species of cactus—and surround the snake with them in such a manner that it is impossible for the beleagured reptile to escape without passing over the spiny wall, a thing he cannot do without becoming impaled upon the sharp spines.—*St. Nicholas*

To the Deaf.

A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 28 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 MacDougal street, New York.

Three Harvest Excursions.

The Burlington Route, C., B. & R. R., will sell, on Tuesdays, Sept. 9 and 23, and Oct. 14, Harvest Excursion Tickets at *Half Rates* to points in the Farming Regions of the West, Southwest and Northwest. Limit thirty days. For circular giving details concerning tickets, rates, time of trains, etc., and for descriptive land folder, call on your ticket agent, or address P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

The itching of the scalp, falling of the hair, resulting in baldness, are often caused by dandruff, which may be cured by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

LINCOLN'S MELANCHOLY.

His Sympathetic Nature and His Early Misfortunes.

Those who saw much of Abraham Lincoln during the later years of his life, were greatly impressed with the expression of profound melancholy his face always wore in repose.

Mr. Lincoln was of a peculiarly sympathetic and kindly nature. These strong characteristics influenced, very happily, as it proved, his entire political career. They would not seem, at first glance, to be efficient aids to political success; but in the peculiar emergency which Lincoln, in the providence of God, was called to meet, no vessel of common clay could possibly have become the "chosen of the Lord."

Those acquainted with him from boyhood knew that early griefs tinged his whole life with sadness. His partner in the grocery business at Salem, was "Uncle" Billy Green, of Tallula, Ill., who used at night, when the customers were few, to hold the grammar while Lincoln recited his lessons.

It was to his sympathetic ear Lincoln told the story of his love for sweet Ann Rutledge; and he, in return, offered what comfort he could when poor Ann died, and Lincoln's great heart nearly broke.

"After Ann died," says "Uncle" Billy, "on stormy nights, when the wind blew the rain against the roof, Abe would set thar in the grocery, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands, and the tears ruonin' through his fingers. I hated to see him feel bad, an' I'd say, 'Abe don't cry'; an' he'd look up an' say 'I can't help it, Bill, the rain's a fallin' on her.'"

There are many who can sympathize with this overpowering grief, as they think of a lost loved one, when "the rain's a fallin' on her." What adds poignancy to the grief sometimes is the thought that the lost one might have been saved.

Fortunate, indeed, is William Johnson, of Corona, L. I., a builder, who writes June 28, 1890: "Last February, on returning from church one night, my daughter complained of having a pain in her ankle. The pain gradually extended until her entire limb was swollen and very painful to the touch. We called a physician, who after careful examination, pronounced it disease of the kidneys of long standing. All we could do did not seem to benefit her until we tried Warner's Safe Cure; from the first she commenced to improve. When she commenced taking it she could not turn over in bed, and could just move her hands a little, but today she is as well as she ever was. I believe I owe the recovery of my daughter to its use."

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

SULLIVAN—At Templemore, Sept. 20, Minnie, second beloved daughter of Thos and Margaret Sullivan, Ballagh, Birr, aged 19 years.

M'GOVERN—At her residence, Anchorland, county Westmeath, Sept. 23, Anne, wife of Michael McGovern.

CULLEN—At No. 2 St. Alban's terrace, North Circular road, Dublin, Sept. 24, in the 48th year of his age and twentieth of his sacred ministry, the Rev. William Cullen.

DUNNE—At his residence, Ballysize, county Kildare, Sept. 24, Thomas Dunne, P.L.G.

GIBNEY—At the residence of his father, Moylough, Oldcastle, county Meath, Sept 24, James, eldest son of Thomas Gibney.

GUY—At his residence, Carysfort ave., Blackrock, Sept. 23, Sergt. Patrick Guy, D.M.P.

PRICE—At his father's residence, Kilmolin, Enniskerry, county Wicklow, on Sept. 23, Thomas, youngest son of Thomas Price, late D.M.P.

BLAKE—At No. 53 Rathmines road, Dublin, Sept. 20, Martin K Blake, J. P. counties Galway and Mayo, third and youngest son of the late Charles Blake, D.L., Merlin Park, Galway, and Georgina, daughter of the late Sir George Browne, Bart, The Neal, county Mayo, aged 81 years.

HYLAND—At his residence, No. 7 Geraldine street, Dublin, Sept. 20, Patrick John Hyland, late member of Bakers' Association, in his 73d year.

KEATING—At Curraclos, county Wexford, Sept. 20, Mrs. Mary Keating, in her 74th year.

KELLY—At No. 14 Henrietta street, Dublin, Sept. 20, Richard, son of the late Patrick Kelly, Woodside, county Kildare, and for many years bookkeeper and collector for Mr. P. McManus, No. 29 Capel street and Angleses Fruit Market.

MACCARTHY—At Southampton, Sept. 3, William John Mac Carthy, aged 69 years, formerly register general of Ceylon, and younger brother of the late Sir. Charles MacCarthy, governor of Ceylon.

MAGEE—At Dalkey, Sept. 20, accidentally drowned while bathing, James Irvine Scholes Magee, Esq., general valuation office, C.E., Prince Ville, Dalkey, and Victoria terrace, North Circular road.

O'REILLY—At his residence, No. 16 Eustace street, Dublin, Sept. 21, Denis P. O'Reilly, late of Tralee.

BYRNE—Sept. 18 James, eldest son of Anne and the late Patrick Byrne, of Terenure, late of Ovoca, county Wicklow, in his 24th year.

HART—At Cliffden, county Galway, on Sept. 10 Martin Raphael Hart, aged 87.

MULLIN—At Sydney, N.S.W., Aug. 1, of congestion of the lungs, Bernard J Mullin, youngest son of the late Dr. James Mullin, of New Ross, county Wexford.

O'NEILL—At his residence, Ballyduff, Thurles, county Tipperary, on Sept. 19, Henry N'Neill, aged 56.

CLARKE—At his residence, Finglesbridge, county Dublin, Sept. 21, John Clarke, aged 47.

MURPHY—At his residence, Dublin road, Dundalk, Thomas Murphy, aged 64 years.

ROE—In Dublin, Sept. 21, at an advanced age, Catherine, wife of John Roe, Ballyballe, Ardee.

SLATTERY—At Hospital, county Limerick, Sept. 21, Malachy Vincent Slattery, son of William Slattery, Esq., aged 29 years.

"Save who can!" was the frantic cry of Napoleon to his army at Waterloo. Save health and strength while you can, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is advice that applies to all, both young and old. Don't wait until disease fastens on you; begin at once.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 7:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Gallgan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2924 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 653 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2038 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 25th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2543 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomuck Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 296 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 235 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, C. S. P., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Bronsgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 384 Ashland av.

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of McGregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St. John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 496 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M.—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Huribut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Keating, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 224 Huribut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 162 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Masses at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—3264 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Baths, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 833 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 321 N. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. B. Dolwick, C.S.S.R., pastor. Residence 209 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, C. S., pastor Residence 1408 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 3 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heidmann, pastor. Residence 3219 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—324 Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m.; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. A. Tighe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Venn, pastor. Residence, 84 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 187 DeKoven st.

St. Josephat's Church—Belden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m. Rev. K. Kosiowski, pastor. Residence 238 Southport av.

St. Adelbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev J. Radziejowski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st.

THE RACE QUESTION.

Suggestions of a Southern Lawyer on this Subject.

JUSTICE TO WHITES AND NEGROES

His Proposition Plans a General Assembly to Consist of Three Branches, Senate and Two Houses of Representatives, Black and White — Remarks on the Present Status of Affairs—Capital Location Fight at Guthrie—Ohio Legislators Called Together—Political News.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Oct. 7.—Judge William M. Thomas, a learned lawyer, of Charleston, has suggested a novel and seemingly practical plan for the adjustment of the difficulties which exist between the two races. This plan, which he claims will do justice to the blacks without imperiling the interests of the whites, is as follows: "1. The general assembly shall consist of three houses, a senate, a white and negro house of representatives. 2. The senate shall consist of 100 members, elected annually by the taxpayers voting their duplicate tax receipts, with the names of their candidates indorsed thereon and each dollar of said receipt counting as one vote. 3. The white and negro houses of representatives shall jointly consist of 100 members, elected annually by their respective races upon the basis of manhood suffrage, and each house shall bear the ratio to the other of the numeral strength of its race as ascertained by the general assembly from the last registration. 4. No bill shall become a law without the consent of the majorities of two of these houses. 5. All officers —state, county and municipal—shall be elected by the general assembly. 6. Printed ballots shall be forbidden.

The Present Political Relation Reviewed.

"In the past twenty-five years the differences between the races have not only not disappeared but have been aggravated into unnatural alienation by voting at the same polls and contesting for the same offices. This is modernised war. 'War is the law of violence.' The nature of violence is either force or fraud. Under the present dominion of the abolition theory this war of races is continuous, not of force but of fraud. Before 1876 the negroes voted early and often, just as the whites do now. This is demoralizing. It has now progressed so far that whites unscrupulously cheat whites. In the interest of all parties it should stop and a new system should be adopted. The races must live together in harmony upon some defined modus vieudi to clear up the whole situation. How else can it be done?"

Judge Thomas' proposition is the subject of considerable earnest thought by the leading men of both political parties in South Carolina.

OKLAHOMA'S CAPITAL RUMPUS.

The Final Settlement Still in Abeyance—Speaker Daniels Fears His Life.

GUTHRIE, O. T., Oct. 7.—The excitement here over the capital location question still continues. President of the senate, Garnshire, will not sign the bill locating the capital in Oklahoma City, inasmuch as Speaker Daniels contests the legality of his (Daniels') signature. The question was not brought up in the lower house Monday, it being deemed unwise on account of the excitement at present owing to the possibilities of a conflict between the opposing forces. Speaker Daniels went to Oklahoma City, his home, last Saturday, and has not returned to Guthrie. A dispatch from that place says that he is in fear of losing his life should he return during the present excitement, and that he has received several anonymous letters, threatening his life should he ever return to Guthrie.

Ohio Legislators Called To gether.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Oct. 7.—Governor Campbell has issued the following proclamation convening the legislature in extra session to consider the charges of corruption against certain members of the board of public works at Cincinnati: "By virtue of the authority vested in me by the constitution of Ohio, I, James E. Campbell, governor of said state, do hereby require the Sixty-ninth general assembly of Ohio to convene at the state house in Columbus at 10 a. m. on Tuesday, Oct. 14, 1890, then and there to receive such communication as may be laid before it, and take such action thereon as it may deem proper."

Will "Jim Dives" Against Tammany.

NEW YORK, Oct. 7.—The Republican county convention Monday night virtually decided to unite with other factions against Tammany hall. Col. Crugger moved that a straight ticket be run with Chauncey M. Depew for mayor. Ex-Judge Patterson said Depew could not carry the city. Every practical politician, he said, knew that a straight Republican ticket would be beaten. A committee was finally appointed to consider the advisability of a coalition and report Friday night.

An Opening for the Republicans.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 7.—Congressman Richard Vaux has accepted the nomination tendered him by the citizens of the Third congressional district. He will run against William McAleer, the regular Democratic nominee. The Republicans have not named a candidate.

Used His Blade Too Recklessly.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 7.—Capt. Cannon, of the Flambeau club, and president of the board of public works, was arrested last evening for assault with intent to kill. Last Thursday, during the Priests of Pallas parade, Cannon cut down Philip Barnhart, a spectator, who had been pushed by the crowd into the line of march. The captain's sword inflicted a serious wound on Barnhart's head three inches long. The captain gave bond.

A Suggestive Shake of the Head.

LONDON, Oct. 7.—The German emperor received an address on his arrival at Bruck, in Styria, in which allusion was made to a united Germany. The emperor shook his head, and was heard to say something to the Austrian emperor about Courland. Courland is a German province on the Baltic, within the Russian empire.

Drank Acid for Whisky.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Oct. 7.—John Sanderson, a wealthy citizen of Cennas, procured from a dark closet a jug which he supposed contained whisky and out of which he took a big drink. The fluid proved to be carbolic acid and the dose soon caused his death.

THE TARIFF ON TOBACCO.

An Explanation of How the New Law Will Affect Manufacturers and Dealers.

CHICAGO, Oct. 7.—Commissioner Mason, head of the internal revenue bureau, told Monday how the new provisions of the tariff bill would affect the tobacco dealers and manufacturers throughout the country. The substantial features of the changes are the abolition of all special taxes, generally known as licenses, and the reduction of taxes on manufactured tobacco and snuff from 8 to 6 cents a pound. The net results will be a reduction of revenue on special taxes of $1,500,000, and a reduction on snuff and manufactured tobacco of about $4,500,000, or a total reduction of about $6,000,000. The commissioner says there will be few changes in the machinery of collecting the revenue, so that dealers will hardly notice the alteration made by the law. "A Chicago dealer, for instance," said the commissioner, "will find that his tax on manufactured snuff and tobacco is reduced to about 25 per cent., and all special taxes are removed, but that will be the extent to which the change reaches him. There will be no new rules or regulations and no new set of stamps. The whole thing will run along as before, and the $6,000,000 reduction of revenue will be accomplished almost without the tobacco dealers knowing it. Illinois paid $352,181 on manufactured tobacco last year, and so far as that state is concerned the changes of the tariff law will result in cutting down that payment to about $260,000."

ACCUSED OF SMUGGLING.

A Turkey Wanders Over in Canada and Causes Its Owner Much Trouble.

ST. ALBANS, Vt., Oct. 7.—Monday morning a farmer living near the line on the American side found that his old turkey had made her nest over in Canada, his farm being in both countries. He decided to bring the old bird back into the states with her nest and eggs. In doing so he was met by a customs officer and accused of smuggling both bird and eggs. The surprise of the old gentleman can not be imagined. He voted for Harrison, and at first was inclined to contest the affair by force. He has given bonds, however, and appealed to the secretary of the treasury. The case is complicated, since the duty on the eggs under the new tariff is 5 cents per dozen, while on the live fowl it is 3 cents per pound, but on the same fowl killed and dressed it is 5 cents. The customs officials decline to say whether the government will continue the hatching operation or risk the spoiling of the eggs pending the decision.

GOOD PAY MAKES 'EM LAZY.

The Charge That London Dock Companies Make Against the Laborers.

LONDON, Oct. 7.—It is believed that a contest is imminent between the ship owners and dock companies on the one side, and the dock laborers on the other. The owners complain that though the dockers, since the new rates of pay went into effect, can earn in many cases nearly £1 each a day, they do not appreciate their good fortune, but are lazy, careless, and insolent. It is alleged that while a vessel can be discharged of her cargo and reloaded at New York in one week, the same amount of work as done by the London dockmen occupies a fortnight. The Dockers' union pays no attention to complaints based upon this condition of affairs, and the bosses declare that if the annoyances continue to be experienced a general lock out will become imperatively necessary.

Flames Consume $125,000 at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Oct. 7.—The first big downtown fire that Chicago has experienced in some months occurred Monday evening about 9 o'clock, and attracted an unusually large crowd. The six-story brick building at 337 and 339 State street, owned by Henry and Albert Keep and occupied by the Martin Emerich Outfitting company, was badly damaged by a fire which started on the second floor and went to the roof before the department arrived. The Emerich company subrented to N. C. Thayer & Co., photographers' supplies, and the McVeigh & Partie Manufacturing company, makers of fine harness. Emerich occupies the first, third, fourth, and fifth floors and the basement, Thayer the second floor, and McVeigh & Partie the sixth floor. The total damage will not fall short of $125,000.

The Count of Paris at Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 7.—The reception of the Comte de Paris Monday night by the Union League club was one of the most brilliant affairs of its kind that has ever taken place in this city. The rooms and corridors were crowded with members of the club and invited guests. At the reception, among those who passed before the comte were Gen. Parke, of Chicago, who commanded an army corps during the war; Gen. Alexander S. Webb, who commanded the Philadelphia brigade that broke Pickett's charge at Gettysburg; Gen. Sickles, and many others. At supper time the comte walked through the general dining room, but took supper in a private room with eleven invited guests, among whom were Gens. Butterworth and Sickles and George W. Childs.

His Mania Will Take a Rest Now.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 7.—Monday morning the police arrested a demented individual named Patrick Malloy, who had a mania for accosting unprotected ladies on the street, seizing them by the nose, giving it a twist, and then expectorating tobacco juice in their faces. His latest assault was upon the 17-year-old daughter of Mr. Forbes, the well known tea merchant. She was standing on a corner awaiting a car when Malloy approached, seized her by the nose, and launched a mouthful of tobacco juice into her face. He was arrested, identified, and only saved from lynching by the knowledge that he was half-witted. He will be sent to the insane asylum.

Alenated Affections Come High.

NEW YORK, Oct. 7.—Mrs. Ada Richardson obtained a verdict before a sheriff's jury Monday for $30,000 for the alienation of her husband's affection. Her husband is David C. Richardson, to whom she was married in 1874. The couple lived together until 1881 when he began to neglect her for Mrs. Ella T. Burt, wife of Geo. A. Burt. Mrs. Richardson brought suit against Mrs. Burt for $35,000, with the result as stated.

Rumor of a Nationalist Split.

LONDON, Oct. 7.—The Conservatives are industriously circulating a report that Parnell's absence from the Dublin conference has led to a split in the Nationalist ranks. Such a rumor has gained currency in various quarters, but cannot be traced to any trustworthy source.

THE COMTE DE PARIS HERE.

He Arrives at New York on the Steamship Germania.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—The Comte de Paris, the Duc d'Orleans, the Duc d'Uzes, the Marquis d'Lastayrie, the Comte d'Haussonville, with Col. De Parseval, Capt. Morhain, and Dr. Recamier, comprising the suite of the comte, arrived here Friday on the steamship Germania. The visit of the party to this country is purely one of pleasure. Collector Ehrhardt, with a number of army officers, went down the bay and met the comte and his party and extended a welcome to them on behalf of the president and the government of the United States, the local Legion and the Army of the Potomac. The Comte d'Paris, while willing to talk freely on almost any subject, absolutely refused to speak of or listen to any talk on political matters. Col. Erhardt and party went down the bay on a tug. Among the party were Gens. Butterfield, Fitzjohn Porter, Slocum, Keyes, Howard, Newton, Parke, Beirne, Martin T. McMahon, and Col. Coppinger.

TRENTON, N. J., Oct. 6.—The Count of Paris and his party arrived here at 11 o'clock Monday and were received by Gen. Stryker and a number of the state officials. It took eleven coaches to convey the entire party to Riverside cemetery, where Gen. McClellan is buried. As the count passed the monument recently erected to the general, he raised his hat and then proceeded to the grave some 200 yards distant. Here he knelt on his dead commander's mound and wept, while all those who circled around him lifted their hats. The party then drove to the residence of Gen. Stryker, where a luncheon was served. Among those present were: G. W. Childs; Gen. E. Burd Grubb, ex-secretary of the navy; George M. Robeson, Gen. Butterfield, Gen. Howard, Gen. Sickles, Gen. McMahon, Gen. Grigg, Col. McClellan, son of the general; Secretary of State Kelsey and about thirty others. At 1:30 the party left for Philadelphia.

THE KILLING OF GEN. BARRUNDIA.

Seeking for More Information of the Affair—Mizner May Be Recalled.

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 6.—In addition to Minister Mizner's own account of the killing of Gen. Barrundia on board an American vessel in the harbor of San Jose, Guatemala, Secretary Blaine will soon be in possession of the account of the lieutenant commander, George G. Reiter. It has been definitely learned that Reiter has been ordered to Washington expressly to give his version of the affair to the state department, and if it corresponds with Mr. Blaine's present understanding, Mr. Mizner will be asked to explain his action. If he cannot do this to the satisfaction of Mr. Blaine, he will be recalled. It is understood that during the entire trouble in Guatemala Mr. Mizner ignored the United States naval officers entirely, and they knew nothing of the Barrundia affair until some time after it was all over.

She Locked Her Children In.

READING, Pa., Oct. 3.—Samuel Lick's three little children were so horribly burned Thursday at Topton that they can not recover. Their mother had left them locked in the house while she went out on an errand. Shortly after she left the house was in flames. It is supposed the children set fire to it while playing with the fire in the kitchen stove. Neighbors hastened to the place on seeing the flames and forced an entrance. The smoke that filled the lower room threatened to baffle their attempts to rescue the children, aged respectively 1, 2½ and 4 years, whose cries for aid were heard. But some brave railroad hands rushed in and brought the children out one by one, their clothing in a blaze.

To Tunnel Niagara Falls.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., Oct. 4.—The ceremony of turning the first sod in the work of constructing the great tunnel, which the people of this place finally hope will change Niagara Falls from a mere summer resort into a great manufacturing center, was performed Saturday morning. The first shovelful of earth was lifted at 10:42 o'clock by Capt. C. B. Gaskill, followed by the officials of the tunnel company and the construction company. Hon. T. V. Welch, superintendent of the state reservation, made the address. About 2,000 persons were present, and as the first sod was turned all the steam whistles were started blowing and the church and fire bells ringing. The day was observed as a general holiday.

Riot in a St. Louis Barroom.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 7.—A riotous scene took place last night in a low negro dive on Eleventh street. When officers attempted to arrest Harry Duncan, one of the party of negroes, the negroes assaulted the officers, and in the fight which ensued in the barroom Officer James Brady was instantly killed, Officer John Gaffney fatally cut, and Harry Duncan was mortally wounded.

Comte de Paris to Mrs. McClellan.

TRENTON, N. J., Oct. 7.—Before leaving Trenton yesterday afternoon the Comte de Paris sent the following cablegram to Mrs. George B. McClellan, who is residing at Tunbridge Wells, England: "I am deeply impressed by a visit to the grave of my beloved chief. I send you expressions of my sympathy and wishes for your welfare."

Forty Thousand for a Base Base Club.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 4.—E. B. Talcott, president of the board of directors, and F. H. Brunnell, secretary, of the Players' league, arrived Friday night and had a formal conference with President A. S. Stern, of the Cincinnati club. They told him they had come prepared to buy the club, bringing $40,000 in cash or its equivalent.

Recovery of a Lost Child.

ST. CLOUD, Minn., Oct. 6.—Little Tommy O'Rourke, who had been lost in the woods near Foley, in Benton county, since Sept. 28, was found Sunday. He was nearly starved, having lived on acorns and water. It is a miracle that he survived, as he had been lost eight days. He will recover with proper care.

Gov. Campbell Calls an Extra Session.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Oct. 6.—Governor Campbell drafted a proclamation Monday afternoon calling an extra session of the general assembly Oct. 13, to take action on the Cincinnati board of public improvement imbroglio.

Appointments by the President.

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 6.—The president has appointed Charles A. Dougherty, of Pennsylvania, to be secretary of legation to Mexico, and H. Remsen Whitehouse, of New York, to be secretary of legation to Italy.

LIVES A LIFE OF FEAR.

The Czar Adopts New Means for the Safety of His Person.

HIS REVIVAL OF AN OLD CUSTOM.

Since the Attempt to Wreck a Train on Which the Russian Autocrat Was Supposed To Be Traveling, He Is More Than Ever Circumspect About People Coming in His Presence—Siberia in Sight for Many of His Subjects.

ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 6.—The czar is taking new precautions for the protection of his person. None, except cabinet ministers, are admitted to an audience without the presence of an officer of the guard, and the eastern custom of tasting food before it is placed on the sovereign's table has been revived, after having been in disuse since the days of the Emperor Paul. The Russian autocrat seems suspicious of every one around him, and even his favorite advisers are said to dread an interview with him. The recent attempt to wreck a train on which he was supposed to be riding has greatly added to the czar's irritation and moroseness, and he is known to have given orders for the immediate deportation to Siberia of the large number of persons arrested on suspicion of having been connected with the act.

Doomed to a Lingering Death.

Among these unfortunates are two sentinels, whose duty it was to guard that part of the line where the obstruction was placed. Sentenced by court-martial to be hanged, they had had their doom commuted to a lingering death in the mines. Three peasants, who were arrested near the spot, have been terribly knouted, one of them fatally, although there is said to be no ground whatever to suppose them guilty of any connection with the train wrecking. The two others, half dead, had their lives spared for the time, in order that a confession might be extorted from them. The wife of the peasant who died under the knout went mad when she heard of his fate.

IRISH NATIONALISTS' CONVENTION

Members Selected to Visit United States and Solicit Aid for Ireland.

DUBLIN, Oct. 6.—The convention of the Irish National party convened in this city Monday morning. When the opening preliminaries had been completed the convention proceeded to select the gentlemen who are to compose the deputation which is to proceed to the United States to represent the Irish political position and solicit aid for the peasantry who are threatened with famine as a consequence of the potato blight. The delegation as agreed upon is constituted as follows: John Dillon, William O'Brien, Thomas Power O'Connor, M. P. for Scottland (Liverpool); Timothy D. Sullivan, M. P. for College Green (Dublin city); William Abraham, M. P. for western division of Limerick, and Thomas P. Gill, M. P. for southern division of Louth.

Justin McCarthy's Resolutions.

After recess when the convention reassembled the hall was crowded with delegates and spectators. Justin McCarthy moved that the convention go into committee on to consider four resolutions which, he said, had been submitted to the judgment of Mr. Parnell, who had approved of them. The motion prevailed and the hall was cleared of all except the regularly accredited delegates. The resolutions were presented to the convention. The first resolution pledges the fullest support to those tenants who are threatened with ruin under the government and landlord syndicates which maintain in Ireland; the second demands that certain southern and western districts be scheduled for a list of the distressed, and that relief work will be instantly started for their benefit; the third condemns the methods of procedure followed by the prosecution in the Tipperary lawsuits, and the fourth states that the Nationalists unwillingly appeal to the friends of Ireland everywhere, and especially to those in America to subscribe to the tenants' defense fund. Mr. Parnell has telegraphed to the convention the expression of his deep regret that he is unable to be present at its sitting. He expresses himself as confident that the deliberations of the body will be guided by wisdom and patriotism, and that they will reauls in the public good.

Afraid It's Proscription of the Union.

LONDON, Oct. 6.—Three thousand gas workers met at Woolwich Sunday and formally declared that the suspicions of the Gas Light and Coke company that they intended to strike were absolutely unfounded. Resolutions were adopted deprecating the action of the company in erecting barracks for contemplated new employes, and in securing the presence of the military in anticipation of a strike. The truth is that the men are apprehensive lest an attempt is about to be made to force all union men to leave the company's employ, and thus break up the organization.

Labor Troubles in Australia.

MELBOURNE, Oct. 6.—It has been decided by the strikers' committee to reject any other than an unconditional conference with the representatives of the employers. The court has tried an agent of the Shearers' union on twenty-nine different charges of inciting men to break their contracts. The agent was convicted and sentenced to pay a fine of £155. An appeal has been made in the case and, pending its decision, similar actions against other persons have been suspended. Union men are intensely excited over the matter.

Natural Gas Starts a Big Fire.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Oct. 4.—A special from Johnsonburg, Pa., says: At 5 o'clock in the morning fire broke out which at 9 o'clock was still burning fiercely in the business portion of this place. The buildings destroyed were Hagan's large general store, Younger's millinery store and Johnston's grocery and dry goods store. At this writing the fire is under control, though it is feared the frame portion of the town may go. Present loss, $40,000; half covered by insurance. Natural gas started the fire.

Ten Years for Assault.

LYONS, Iowa, Oct. 4.—William Watts, colored, who was charged with a criminal assault upon Mrs. Pittman, of Clinton, some time ago, was found guilty as charged, and Friday Judge Waterman sentenced him to ten years at hard labor.

A Post for an Indianian.

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 4.—The president has appointed J. B. Turner, of Indiana, to be an usher at the White House vice E. W. White, of Indiana, who recently resigned.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Three Chinamen were immersed Sunday at the First Baptist church, Chicago.

According to Russell Sage Gould holds more securities than any man in the world, his income from dividends alone being $2,000,000 a year. From other sources he has other pin money of from $10,000,000 to $12,000,000 a year.

The Buffalo team defeated the Boston Brotherhood players Tuesday, 7 to 1, in 1 hour 14 minutes—the shortest game of the season.

Tuesday night a lone burglar entered the residence of George P. Wild, a banker of Sycamore, Ills., and made a demand for cash at the point of a revolver. The amount taken was less than $15.

An original package house was opened at Waterloo, Iowa, Tuesday, the proprietors claiming that to be effective the prohibitory law will have to be reenacted. The liquors were seized by the authorities, and a test case will be made.

E. C. Stirman, at Paris, Tex., in endeavoring to gain possession of his child, who was living with its grandfather, its parents having separated, was shot and killed by his father-in law.

Republicans of the Milwaukee (Wis.) district have nominated Robert C. Spencer as their candidate for congress.

La grippe has made its appearance in the vicinity of Carthage, Ills. One death has resulted and one woman was driven insane by the disease.

President Harrison has nominated George S. Batcheider, of New York, to be minister resident and consul general to Portugal.

James Rossi, an aged Italian, who is wanted at Erie, Pa., for the murder of his mistress last March, has been arrested in Denver.

A. J. Seligman, chairman of the Montana Republican committee, has sued The Anaconda Standard for $100,000 damages for defamation of character.

In a collision on the Louisville and Nashville railroad, near Warrior, Ala., Tuesday, Engineer M. B. Johnson was killed and three others were hurt.

An appeal has been issued by the American committee for the relief of famine in Ireland, asking for contributions.

Senator Cullom will leave Washington for a visit to his daughter in Vermont Thursday morning. It will probably be a week or ten days before he returns to Illinois.

Proceedings were begun in the county court, at Pittsburg, Pa., Tuesday, to contest the will of the late John Scott. The estate is valued at $500,000. The widow is ignored and three sons are bequeathed $1 each.

Jean Paul Soquet, who murdered his three wives, his son and a man, escaped Tuesday from the Wisconsin state prison, where he was serving a life sentence.

Judge William Lochran of Minneapolis has been appointed judge advocate of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The regular quarterly dividend, 1 per cent, payable Oct. 15, was declared Tuesday by the New York Central directors.

Autograph dealers find trouble capturing any letters of John Brown. Eight or nine are known, but not for sale. The smallest price attached to them is $50.

Forty cases of diphtheria were reported to the Iowa State Board of Health from Crawford county on Wednesday.

A new born baby was placed on the railroad track by its mother near Worstville, Ohio, and two freight trains passed over it and left it alive and smiling. The mother was arrested, but died soon after from exposure, having had no care since the birth of the child.

Wednesday Thomas O'Connor, who had served twelve years on a life sentence in the Stillwater (Minn.) penitentiary for killing his nephew, was pardoned on condition that he leave the state forever.

Malvin Lassiter, George Wilson, Miner Turney, Will Warren, and Charles Pierce, farmers living near Mineola, Tex., are under arrest on the charge of making and passing counterfeit money.

James Herrington, a pettifogging lawyer, was taken from jail at Bakersfield, Cal., by masked men and given a coat of tar and feathers.

James W. Saunders, son of United States Senator Saunders, of Montana, and Miss May Isabel Bothwell, daughter of J. R. Bothwell, were married at New York Wednesday evening.

"Jack the Ripper" notified the London police that he intended to kill another woman.

The Plaza hotel is the latest New York caravansary. It is on the plaza at Fifty-ninth street and Fifth avenue. It will have cost nearly $3,000,000. It has 400 rooms.

The bill locating the permanent capital of Oklahoma territory at Oklahoma City was passed by the lower house of the legislature Wednesday by a vote of 14 to 11.

Two hundred employes of the Howard Plate Glass works, at Cochran Station, Pa., struck Wednesday because their demand for the reinstatement of some fellow workmen was refused.

After President Harrison signed the tariff bill Wednesday he gave to Congressman Mason of Chicago the pen with which he wrote his name.

A collision of two freight trains between Belmont and North Cambridge on the Central Massachusetts division of the Boston and Maine line caused the wreck of 150 cars.

Charles Weare, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, appointed consul to Vera Cruz two weeks ago, returned home Wednesday and resigned.

During the past nine months upward of 3,000 new manufacturing enterprises of all kinds have been started in the south.

Wednesday, at New York, was opened the first training school in this country for deaconesses of the Episcopal church. Similar schools will soon be opened at Philadelphia, Cleveland and Richmond, Va.

A jury in the case of Whelan, a ministrator, vs. the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad at Iowa City, Iowa, Thursday returned a verdict for $10,000 damages for the death of William Doyle, a section hand killed in 1888 by the open door of a passing car.

James Toner, a well-known lawyer of Boston, was shot in a crowded thoroughfare by a crazy Italian.

Police at Parkersburg, W. Va., arrested six tramps and took from them a 12-year-old boy. The lad said he had been kidnaped from Ottawa, Ont.

Of the $100,000 needed to establish a woman's medical college in connection with John Hopkin's university, more than $60,000 has been raised.

Friday, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Mrs. Asa Keogh sued three saloon keepers and the owners of the property on which the saloons were located, for $2,000 damages each for selling liquor to her husband.

Abraham Kleine, for half a century a resident of Galena, Ills., died Thursday. He was exiled from Germany for political reasons.

John Slough, a well-known resident of Elkhart, Ind., died Thursday night of lockjaw, the result of running a rusty nail into his foot three weeks ago.

Amos Rusie, the pitcher, was on Thursday signed for the New York National league base ball team for next season at a salary of $4,000.

The death of a negress whose age was 125 years is reported from Antonio De Los Barios, Cuba.

It is said there are only two red slate quarries in the United States—one in Vermont and the other in Virginia.

The prickly pear is overrunning and destroying some of the best and most fertile lands in South Africa.

William Olson, of Iron Mountain, Mich., was fatally hurt Thursday while coupling cars.

J. K. Gardner, a lumber dealer of Ridgeway, Pa., was jostled by several men in a train near Pittsburg Thursday, and when he reached the city proper found that he had been robbed of a pocket-book containing $10,000.

It is reported that the cholera has appeared in Aden.

A great many of the oranges on the west coast of Florida have been sold for $1 per box on the trees. This is a better price than in any previous year.

An Armenian advocate has been assassinated in Stamboul by order of the Armenian revolutionary committee, who suspect him of betraying them to the porte.

A man at Buchanan, Mich., is coining money out of a mushroom orchard.

Thursday a committee reached Denver, Col., to solicit aid for settlers in the eastern part of the state. Crops there were a total failure, and many families lack the necessaries of life.

Delia Carpenter, a dissolute woman of East Dubuque, was killed Wednesday night by the overturning of her carriage.

Mrs. James Caley died at her home at Easton, Conn., Thursday, at the age of 110 years.

Mrs. Ellis Jollie, of Chicago, has found her daughter, from whom she had been separated eighteen years, in Providence, R. I.

Farmers in the Lima, Ohio, district are reported to have been cheated by a harrow company, who operate on the note scheme. The loss to the agriculturists is figured at $5,000.

General business throughout the country is reported in a highly prosperous condition by R. G. Dun & Co.'s agency, a special feature being freedom from unhealthy excitement resulting from speculation.

Republicans of St. Louis nominated their ticket Friday. It is headed by J. H. Pohlman for sheriff.

Friday at New York the grand jury indicted the board of walking delegates of the building trades which ordered the brick boycott last July, but on motion of the district attorney the indictment was dismissed by the recorder.

Senator Spooner addressed a large meeting in Milwaukee Friday, and declared himself in accord with his party in that state on the Bennett school law.

F. Drawer, a farmer, was cut to pieces by an engine on the Fulton county, Ill., Narrow Gauge road Friday.

The Brooklyn National League ball team has opened negotiations with Louisville, of the American association, for the world's championship series of games.

W. I. Martin, who murdered his wife, was hanged Friday at Raleigh court house, W. Va.

D. G. Cheever, of Clinton, Wis., was arrested Friday, charged with embezzling $5,000 belonging to an estate of which he was executor.

During the first nine months of 1890 there have been 3,782 miles of new roads added to the railway mileage of the United States.

The son of Eugene Field, of Chicago, aged 12, died in Hanover Friday after a brief illness.

It is announced by a Washington newspaper that ex-First Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson will be appointed minister to China.

Business failures for the week number 197, against 219 last week. A marked decrease in the number of failures is reported for the third quarter of 1890.

A fair at Cochrantown, Pa., had to be abandoned on account of a freshet. The grounds were flooded and the goods were removed in boats.

Bismarck, a $5,000 stallion, was killed at the Marlboro, Ohio, fair Saturday afternoon in a collision with a buggy. Driver Myers was probably fatally injured.

The Yan Phou Lee divorce case, containing a Chinese Yale graduate, a wealthy New Haven girl and a mother-in-law in perfect working order, is now on the boards in that city.

William E. Keely, confined in the Massachusetts state's prison at Charleston under the habitual criminal act for twenty-five years, rigged a dummy in his cell and escaped by means of a rope he had manufactured.

A dispatch from Brussels says that the condition of the king of Holland is growing worse.

The wife and three children of John McBee, living at Dubuque, Iowa, were overcome by smoke from their burning dwelling Sunday and received injuries from which the mother and two children have died and the other one can not recover.

A. Bruce Joy, the London sculptor, about to visit this country, will bring a colossal statue of a lion in Sicilian marble, weighing twenty-two tons, to be erected in Lowell to the memory of J. C. Ayer, the man who had a good thing in sarsaparilla.

Montana claims to have the largest and finest jasper quarries in the world, recently discovered.

The czar is the largest of all living landed proprietors, owning an estate which is nearly equal in area to the whole of France.

Vassar reopens with 134 new students registered, an increase of twenty-two over last year.

A foot-ball game between Yale and Wesleyan was umpired by a son of ex-Secretary of State Bayard and refereed by a son of Secretary of State Blaine.

Twenty persons in the village of Hamburg, N. J., have died in the last two months of dysentery. Doctors say it was epidemic, but deny that it was cholera.

Henry Warren, newsboy on the New Haven and Derby railroad, was 82 years old last week. He has been selling papers twenty-four years. For twenty-five years he has never missed a day when the train ran.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 11, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"The Silver Shield."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—Lawrence Barrett.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Kajanka.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st. between Washington and Randolph—Roland Reed in "Lend Me Your Wife."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union John L. Sullivan.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Siberia."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—Pete Baker.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison.—"Master and Man."

INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.
Exposition Building, Michigan ave., Madison Monroe and Adams streets. Open from 8 a.m to 10 p.m., Sundays excepted.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

DANA DOES BATTLE FOR IRELAND.

That truculent English journalistic bully, the London *Times*, ex "Thunderer" of Europe, has run foul of Ireland's faithful American friend, Hon. Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York *Sun*. The *Times*, with its usual brazen disregard for truth, charged some days ago that the American Famine Relief Committee, reference to which was made in the editorial columns of THE CITIZEN last week, was an organization designed chiefly for "catching the Irish vote." This insult was repeated in the London *Times* of Tuesday in the following words:

The promoters of that ingenious bit of electioneering, the American Irish Famine Fund Committee, are not unnaturally ruffled at the detection of their very simple plan. The brief notices we publish today of some of the more prominent patrons of that single-eyed charity show how fully justified was our description of these philantrophists as politicians and journalists.

Ex-President Cleveland is, of course, the most eminent Democratic candidate for the Presidency. Ex-President Hayes is at present out of politics, but would dearly love to be in again. Depew was a candidate for the Republican nomination in 1888, and is well known to be in training for that of 1892. Col. Shepard, who manages Depew's organ among the press, is quaintly described as that gentleman's political promoter and a notorious wire-puller.

As to Ehret, the representative of Tammany, no more need be said to inform the merest tyro in American politics that he is an active political intriguer. Phillips is the editor of a straight out party paper. Belmont is a heavy contributor to campaign funds and the father of a well-known politician, while Redpath, as we anticipated, is the most eminent advocate of murder by dynamite.

The precious benevolence of this non-political committee seems for the present to have caused a good deal of embarrassment to Mr. Parnell's friends. They want money, it is true; they even need money for the relief of the starving; but, as Mr. Healy's remarks last night showed, they also want the spending of dollars to rest exclusively in their own discriminating hands.

To collect money for all who are distressed may possibly subserve the political ends of American Democrats, but such a fund will be a hindrance and not a help to the champions of the plan of campaign. They have already intimated their desire to receive the funds raised by Mr. Redpath and his friends, and considering the present disorganized state of Irish parties in America, it may be interesting to see what steps they take to capture it.

The foregoing is but an amplification of the previous insult, and is quite in keep ing with the reputation of the villainous newspaper which represents the vilest element of English Tory malignants.

The New York *Sun* has taken notice of the *Times'* charges editorially as follows:

Every kind American heart has been moved to indignation by the brutal article in the London *Times* of Thursday last, describing the movement for the relief of the suffering in Ireland as a "bogus famine boom," and sneering at it as an electioneering dodge on the part of "the party bosses and wirepullers of all sorts" to win Irish votes in the coming elections.

"There is an executive government in Ireland," says the *Times* with a sneer, "that is primarily responsible for the lives of its subjects. The appeal of the committee with splendid consistency ignores the existence of this country, its government, and its people." And the London *Times* goes on with bombastic rhetoric to ask: "Do Mr. Wilson and his friends soberly imagine that they can persuade America that the English people, whose magnificence in all good work is known to the end of the world, would tolerate the shame of seeing their own fellow-citizens suffering hunger unrelieved? When has any land, cause, or people appealed in vain? Is it to be supposed that to the distress of Ireland alone the charity of Britain is closed?"

The direct answer to these humbug boasts is to be found in the editorial columns of this same newspaper of forty-four years ago. April 23, 1846 the terrible year of starvation for Ireland, the London *Times* made this inhuman reply to the pathetic appeal from across the channel:

"What does the Irish party expect? Is the State to do all and individuals nothing? Are we, the people of England, to furnish all the money and the landlords of Ireland to put it in their pockets in the shape of rent? Suppose it to be true that the measures hitherto attempted for the relief of Ireland have not answered the expectations of the country, what does this prove? What but that to feed a starving nation is a task beyond the ordinary power of a government?"

The men of Ireland appealed for food for their starving wives and dying little ones, and the London *Times* replied: "Are we, the people of England, to furnish all the money, and the landlords of Ireland to put it in their pockets in the shape of rent?"

At that time hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children in Ireland were absolutely without food. In that year of grace 1846 alone 275,000 people were starved to death in Ireland; and in the dreadful six years which followed more than one million human beings perished on that island from famine or from the pestilence that resulted from the famine. Old men and women perishing of hunger and babes starving in their dying mothers' arms cried out to the London *Times* for help and food; and the only response of the *Times* was the heartless paragraph which we have already quoted, and a fortnight later, this magnificent disquisition on a state of affairs which it made no effort to remedy, but pronounced hopeless:

"What is to be done with Ireland? What is to be done for Ireland? On all other questions sagacity finds its due, human experience utters its oracles, human charity traces its mission. But here experience, charity, and sagacity are all at fault. Time, which accumulates rich spoils from the fragments of empires, and pours the full tide of ancient memories to illustrate and to guide the statesmen of the present day, has reserved nothing from the storehouse of antiquity which can enlighten or reward the wanderer in the labyrinth of Irish policy. The blackness of thick darkness is gathered over the future, the gloom of sin and suffering overshadows the past of Irish history. One by one each axiom of our commercial or our international policy has been promulgated and affirmed. We have learned the arts of colonial dominion and of foreign influence. We have established the theory of trade and extended the privileges of constitutional liberty. *But we have not learned how to govern Ireland.*"

Is there here a sufficient answer to the questions asked by this organ of injustice and this instrument of heartless crime which now impudently warns the American relief committee to desist from an enterprise undertaken in the name of common humanity?

The *Sun*, so to speak, "called the turn" on the alleged "Thunderer" in good form, but it forgot to chronicle some of the choice phrases of that paper in the height of the famine period. Memory is often treacherous, but the newspaper file is infallible. "The Celts are gone—gone with a vengeance" was the exultant shout of the *Times*, when starvation and emigration had done their work, in 1846-50. "The work of subjugation is complete at last—Ireland is now a thoroughly conquered country," wrote the London *Times* in the spring of 1847, to which Thomas Francis Meagher, in the hall of the Irish Confederation at Dublin passionately replied—"Yes, Ireland is now a thoroughly conquered country. The war of centuries is at a close. The archers of Strongbow have failed; the Ironsides of Cromwell have failed; the spies and yeomen of Castlereagh have failed; the proscriptions and state prosecutions of DeGrey have failed—the procrastination and economy of Russell have triumphed! England! Your gallant and impetuous enemy is no more—your 'great difficulty' is at an end! Ireland—say, rather, the remains of Ireland, are yours at last. Your red ensign floats not from the rath of Mullaghmast, where you played the cutthroat; not from Limerick's wall, where you played the perjurer; not from the senate house where you played the swindler; not from the custom house, where you played the robber, but from the million famine graves, where the titled niggards of your cabinet won the battle your soldiers could not terminate!"

In this same speech—one of the most eloquent ever uttered by the patriot orator—Meagher alluded to the fatal effects of the Union on Irish trade and industry, not to speak of Irish life and liberty. There was, he said, only one tradesman in Ireland who was justified in standing by the English connection. This fortunate and privileged person was the Irish coffin maker!

Ireland can forgive England most of her crimes against her political liberty—even the blood shed on the field or on the scaffold—but she never can forgive the deliberate inhumanity which allowed one million and a half of her children to starve to death with the ill concealed object of destroying their insurrectionary capacity. From the famine graves of '47 sprang the most determined and desperate classes of Irish "extremists," the Invincibles and the "dynamitards." Inhumanity is always certain to beget inhumanity, and the worst of the political crimes committed by Irishmen are clearly traceable to the devilish statesmanship of Lord John Russell and his cabinet. And yet Russell, bear in mind, was a model English Liberal statesman! He was the friend of the Irish poet, Thomas Moore, and said many sweet things about Ireland and the Irish—when he was out of office.

If the Atlantic cable had existed in 1847, the Irish people would not have been more than decimated by starvation. The American people, whatever political peculiarities they may have, are, above all things else, humane, and unostentatiously so. Ireland and the Irish naturally feel thankful to their American friends; but every self-respecting Irish person, at home and abroad, wishes it distinctly understood that Ireland would need no alms, if England would only keep her hand out of the Irish pocket. But England will not do that. The *Times* cries out about the tyranny of the Irish landlords, and yet, if the Irish people refused the rents and, instead, kept what belonged to them, the *Times* would be the first organ of English opinion to advocate that the soldiers, the peelers and the hangmen should be let loose upon them.

A MALODOROUS CAMPAIGN.

The "two old parties" are having a monkey and parrot time in this county at present, and fur and feathers are flying thick and fast in all directions. Charges and counter charges are being made against all the candidates, more or less, and some of them are, in a moral sense, getting flayed alive. The air is full of mud and general decomposition, and, if men are to be judged by the average party newspaper's estimate of political candidates, some of the gentlemen nominated on both sides must be whited sepuchres and living lies. Youthful escapades, social characteristics, family relationships, heedless gallantries, thoughtless words—all are being summed up against them by the various able editors who dip their pens in the Chinese stink pots of the political departments of their newspapers. In addition to these, the inevitable heeler with the red nose, foul breath, sly wink and bottomless pocket, is around sowing the seeds of devilment and blackening the character of every candidate who may refuse to be blackmailed. Charges of treachery, selling out, knifing, etcetera, are also being freely made, and, in a word, chaos reigns at present in Cook county. Both Republican and Democratic candidates are frantically chasing fragments of their character scattered to the four winds by the breath of political slander, and some men's wives gaze at them with horror when they discover the kind of monsters that they, poor innocents, have, according to the partisan newspapers, been cherishing in their bosoms. Under the circumstances, THE CITIZEN, secure in its attitude of independence, looks on compassionately at the poor souls who are now being roasted on the political spit of the vigorous hell of Cook county politics.

THE BRITISH SPY SYSTEM.

The dynamite revelations, under the heading of "Pigott and his Patrons," which are now being published in Michael Davitt's able paper, the *Labor World*, of London, Eng., will be reproduced in THE CITIZEN for the information and instruction of its readers. They contain a sound lesson for Irishmen—always too ready to trust people on their faces, often to the destruction of themselves, and the injury of their cause. The way in which England gathers recruits for her secret service agencies in this country is graphically described in Mr. Davitt's revelation, and the folly of talking loudly, or even half loudly, of Irish matters in public places is sufficiently rebuked.

It appears that, in 1883, an Irish Tory, newly married and financially "hard up," overheard a conversation between O'Donovan Rossa and some other person in a New York resort, and forthwith reported the matter to the English consul general in New York. He was immediately taken into the British secret service, and, having had an ancient acquaintance with "Red Jim" MacDermott, of Brooklyn, the now notorious spy and fugitive, who was also in a state of impecuniosity easily induced that rascal to enlist under the secret service banner also. The course of the plot, as will be seen, is admirably traced in Mr. Davitt's story, and will open the eyes of thousands of people on this side of the ocean to the British methods. These methods, by the way, are not entirely confined to New York. Other cities, Chicago included, have their full quota of British spies, some literary and some the reverse. It is to be hoped that the Irish-American people have learned wisdom of late, and that none of these foul birds can find entrance into their associations, whether they have anything to conceal or otherwise. But spies have different methods of working. When they cannot get into societies, and do damage in their ranks, they can, at least, earn their money by abusing Irishmen known to be sincere enemies of England and her methods in the public press. They are, no doubt, instructed to poison the American mind, whenever opportunity offers, against the objects of England's dislike. There are always enough of literary adventurers, without any particular principle, lying around loose, and handy for just that kind of English dirty work. If they are nominally Irish, all the better for the base uses to which they are put, but it will be generally found that some Englishman, devoted to the interests of his native country, with or without a consideration, does the coaching, and there are still enough American editors of the "damphool" order, left to be imposed upon by them.

It will be observed by the readers of THE CITIZEN that every really active Irish Nationalist in this country has been made a target for the filthy balls of the malignant class of English mercenaries alluded to. Just as surely as Davitt is now bringing to light the scoundrelly doings of "Red Jim" McDermott & Co., just so surely, some day, will the dark plots that have been hatched against the Irish Nationalists of America, by persons whose acts and words show a corrupt inducement, be revealed.

Writers do not vomit their filth against individuals with whom they have not had any personal quarrel for nothing. Prominent Irishmen, in this as in some other communities, have been grossly and wantonly assailed in the newspapers, simply for the purpose of, if possible, weakening their influence as political enemies of England among the people at large. But the people are not so easily deceived, and the men assailed feel thankful that no English spy, literary or otherwise, can indorse their actions. Such an indorsement would be receiving a certificate of good moral character from the devil. By the way, what English newspaperman was it that boasted in a certain restaurant of this city, not many nights ago, that he knew every man employed in the English secret service in this country? He cannot be acquainted with them for the mere pleasure of the thing. They certainly would not give themselves away to him if they were afraid of him, and, as he is frequently seen in company with putative Irishmen, his remark was, to say the least of it, an exceedingly strange one. THE CITIZEN may be called upon to enlarge on this subject later on.

CONGRESSMAN M'KINLEY'S SPEECH.

Major McKinley, author of the vigorous and much criticised bill which bears his name, opened the campaign in his own congressional district of Ohio on Monday. He defended his famous measure with his accustomed eloquence and ability, and predicted that those who came to scoff would remain to pray and to praise when the full effects of the policy were felt in this country. He admitted that purchasers of fine wines, foreign cigars, and foreign fabrics would have to pay much more in proportion for such luxuries, but claimed that the farmers and the working people would be benefited exceedingly. He claimed that the woollen tariff provisions of the bill would promote the raising of vast flocks of sheep in this country, and, as he spoke in the midst of a great sheep raising district, he was, as a matter of course, loudly cheered. The Major further claimed that within a few years America, because of the provisions of his bill, would outstrip England in the manufacture of tin plate. The best indication, he said, that his bill was a good American measure, was that England, France, Belgium and other European countries were kicking so hard against it. The bill, he claimed, was a strictly American measure, and he did not care what Europe or Europeans thought about it. The interests of this country were his first consideration.

ARCHBISHOP FEEHAN'S JUBILEE.

The twenty-fifth anniversary, or silver jubilee, of the ordination to the priesthood of the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan will be celebrated in this archdiocese, on the 1st prox. Not alone the Catholic people of his spiritual charge, but also the non-Catholic people of the archdiocese will delight in doing honor to one of the noblest hearted prelates that ever wore the mitre. Archbishop Feehan, by his simplicity of manner, his kindness of disposition, and his zeal as a spiritual director of one of the largest Catholic sees in the world, has won the affection and respect of the American people, without distinction of class or creed. His deep, but unostentatious, love for Ireland has doubly endeared him to the children of that persecuted nation, and all will join with THE CITIZEN in wishing the most reverend archbishop health and happiness in this world for the longest period allotted to man.

THE CITIZEN wonders how many alleged Irish candidates for office will thank God, during this election period, that they never belonged to an Irish society.

CAPT. TOM BENNOTT has not withdrawn from the Republican ticket "worth a cent," notwithstanding the howls of Republican Knownothing editors. Neither has Michael McInerney withdrawn from the legislative ticket because of the howls of Know-nothing Democratic editors.

THE HON. James H. Ward has declined the nomination for the judgeship of the probate court, on the Democratic ticket.

GEORGE E. GOOCH, *alias* Goose, ex president of the British-American Association, and a declared enemy of Irishmen and Catholics in the matter of political office, is championing the cause of the Democratic candidate for sheriff at public meetings and in the daily press. Politics makes strange bedfellows.

SIXTEEN men were killed and fifty wounded by an explosion of the Dupont powder mills, on the Brandywine river, near Wilmington, Del., on Tuesday. The concussion was felt in three neighboring states.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has been "swinging 'round the circle," from Washington to Galesburg, Ill., during the week. He reviewed the survivors of his old brigade at the latter place on Wednesday, and made a lengthy speech. He will spend Sunday at Indianapolis.

MR. ROBERT GOODWILLIE, a prominent young business man of Chicago, and Miss Maggie Murphy, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Murphy, of LaSalle avenue, this city, were united in marriage on Thursday. None but the immediate families of the contracting parties were present. THE CITIZEN wishes the young people all the happiness this world can afford.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER REILLY, and other candidates, charge the Democratic candidate for sheriff with treachery in dealing with them. They claim he beat them out of their nominations. Their grievances have stirred up quite a row, on the West side particularly.

LOUIS HUTT and Charley Kern are having a hard run for the county treasurership. Both are widely known and very popular German-Americans, and both are much lied about also. They have our sympathy.

THE political enemies of James H. Gilbert, Republican candidate for sheriff, charge that he belongs to the United Order of Deputies. Mr. Gilbert and his friends deny the charge, and "point with pride" to the fact that five out of fifteen employes in the criminal court clerk's office are Irishmen and Catholics.

MR. BARRY'S RETURN.

The Hon. P. T. Barry, having just returned from a trip to Ireland, England and France was interviewed by THE CITIZEN as to his impressions of those countries during his travels through them. He was much charmed with the grandeur of the scenery along the historic Blackwater from Youghal to Cappoquin and Lismore, and also through the Glengariff region and the Lakes of Killarney. Mr. Barry says the entire energy of the Irish people at home is now exerted to get rid of the landlord system, and that no improvement in the condition of affairs there can be expected until the system is abolished and the nation has self-government of some kind. The potato crop is a failure in the west of Ireland from Cork to Mayo, and will entail at least great distress, says Mr. Barry, unless the advice of such men as Dillon and O'Brien, who advise the payment of no rent until the people are first secured in enough to eat, is followed. Aid is expected from America this winter both for those who are distressed through the failure of the potato crop and for the National League whose treasury is depleted. The enormous taxes consequent upon the 50,000 soldiers and police stationed in Ireland, in addition to the extortions of the landlord and the other taxes for the support of the poor and maintainence of roads, etc., are crushing, and enough to ruin any people even if the crops were as prolific as nature could yield them. England had every appearance of a great manufacturing country, says Mr. Barry. Her docks and cities were crowded with people loading merchandise for all parts of the world. Not withstanding all this there are 106,000 paupers in London and 700 000 in England and Wales, while the rate of wages paid to those who are employed does not average much more than one-half what is paid in America. France has all the appearance of prosperity. The whole country looks like one vast garden, cultivated and beautified to the highest extent. Paris is so far ahead of London as a city of beauty and elegance that there is no comparison, says Mr. Barry. The grand boulevards and drives of that city are simply superb, while the people on the streets seem as if there was very little want or distress.

An Anecdote of Sheridan.

While the United States was engaged in the great civil war, France and Austria took advantage of our comparatively helpless condition to attempt the conquest of Mexico, with a view to construct a new empire there under Maximilian. General Grant was strongly opposed to this policy, and after Appomattox sent Sheridan with an army to the lower Rio Grande to observe the movements of the foreigners and to be in readiness to intervene whenever congress gave permission.

An orderly woke the colonel soon after daylight one morning and urged him to go down to the bank of the river, as something remarkable was going on there. The colonel did so, and had the gratification of seeing a combat—it could hardly be called a battle—between the national troops, the adherents of Juarez, and the Mexicans who were serving under the banner of Maximilian and who were in possession of Matamoras. The object of the Juarez troops was, of course, to drive the enemy from Matamoras and hold the place, as, owing to its proximity to the United States forces, it was a very important point. Each side seemed to be fortified, and was engaged in a contest at long range, which was neither very exciting nor destructive. The next morning the orderly came again to wake the colonel, and assured him that he would see some genuine fighting. The colonel hurried down to the bank, and there he saw the Juarez men leave their intrenchments, advance with the utmost intrepidity, storm the works at Matamoras, and drive the adherents of Maximilian through the town and far beyond out into the open country. Of course Sheridan could not send a force to the other side of the river without the authority of the war department. What he did do was to give one of his brigades a leave of absence, and that settled the question so far as Matamoras was concerned.—*From the Century for October.*

The Only One.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the only line running solid Vestibuled, Electric-Lighted, and Steam-Heated trains between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the only line running solid Vestibuled, Electric-Lighted, and Steam-Heated trains between Chicago, Council Bluffs and Omaha.

The berth reading lamp feature in the Pullman Sleeping Cars run on these lines is patented, and cannot be used by any other railway company. It is the great improvement of the age. Try it and be convinced.

For tickets, sleeping-car reservations, and all information, apply at the company's ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, or at its passenger station, Madison, Canal and Adams streets.

PIGOTT AND HIS PATRONS.

Unionism and Crime—How Dynamite Plots Were Arranged.

Startling Revelations.

[*From Davitt's Labor World.*]

In the *Weekly Union* newspaper of New York, of Saturday, July 10, 1880, there is a full report of a convention of the United Irishmen, which was held in Philadelphia on Monday, July 5, 1880. This convention was called by Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa, and was attended by about one hundred delegates from different parts of the United States. Among these delegates was one James McDermott, who is described in the report as "a journalist of Brooklyn, who has been actively engaged in Fenianism for twenty years. He was in the Pope's army in 1862, and received the Order of Saint Sylvester from the late Pope Pius IX." We desire our readers to bear this name well in memory, as a great part of what we have to say about the organization of dynamite outrages on this side of the Atlantic will concern this remarkable man. He was one of the chief spokesmen at this convention, and is reported as follows in the paper from which we quote:

"James McDermott said: 'I have been actively engaged in laboring for the liberation of Ireland for twenty years, and during that time I crossed the sea eighteen or twenty times in the interest of Fenian movements that amounted to nothing. I am compelled to say, however, that the present movement is a most earnest one. Our motto is 'not a cent for blatherskite, but every dollar for dynamite.' Every delegate at the convention, be he from the Pacific coast, Maine, or Washington, comes here paying his own expenses. Not one cent is furnished by any organization. This fact in itself demonstrates earnestness. We do not mean to meet England on the open battlefield. That would be folly. But we do intend to carry on a warfare on the principle of nihilism, and we propose to establish a fund at the convention for that purpose. We don't believe in communism or the equalization of property. Let those who till the soil reap the results. We want to free Ireland from the cruel yoke of British oppression.'"

Another paragraph in the report of this convention is instructive and significant, as supporting the evidence that was given before the special commission by Mr. Parnell, Mr. Davitt, and others. The paragraph reads:

"THE LAND LEAGUE DENOUNCED.—Several speakers followed, and in the course of their remarks some very forcible language was used in denouncing Mr. Michael Davitt and his Land League. Resolutions were adopted condemning as totally inadequate to the redress of Irish grievances the Land League and parliamentary agitation."

This by way of prelude to our story.

One evening in October, 1882, a gentleman of military appearance, aged some 45 summers, was dreamily indulging in a cigar in a drinking saloon in Chambers street, New York. He had turned into the place without any specific purpose. His prospects at that particular time were not of the brightest. He belonged to a respectable family in Dublin, and was an ex student of Trinity College. A romantic marriage, against the wishes of his wife's relatives, had occasioned a visit to the United States which had no purpose in view but to seek for suitable means of earning a livelihood. Weeks were passed in New York in search of an expected situation, with nothing for the waiting but disappointment. It was in a frame of mind, such as could be imagined under the circumstances, that caused Mr. Blank, as we will call him for the present, to turn into this particular saloon in Chambers street. While ruminating over the unkindliness of fortune, his ear was arrested by a conversation that was carried on in loud whispering between two other occupants of the saloon. He overheard the name of Earl Spencer pronounced by one of the speakers, and, being near enough to hear what was being said without appearing to listen, he continued to lend an attentive ear. He gathered from what was being said that some plot was being hatched inimical to English government in Ireland. Mr. Blank belonged to an Irish Conservative family, and was a loyalist from head to foot. He waited until the two strangers stood up to leave, whereupon he followed one of them out a short distance until he saw him enter No. 10 in the same street. A name on the staircase read, "Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa."

Mr. Blank, acting upon an instant and obvious impulse, went at once to the office of Sir Edward Archibald, the British consul general in New York. He told him of the conversation he had overheard, and of the plot that was being planned between Rossa and his companion. Sir Edward Archibald listened attentively, and on the termination of the statement asked Mr. Blank if he would join the service with a view to ferreting out further information about the doings and sayings of England's enemies in New York. Mr. Blank was not well through with his honeymoon at the time, but he was not over-burthened with money or means, and, being a strong loyalist by conviction, he accepted the offer, and became a member of the intelligence department attached to the British consulate at New York. Not knowing anything of Irish American revolutionary movements himself, he looked around for a colleague who would possess this advantage. Remembering that he had been brought into contact, in 1865, in Dublin with a well known American Fenian then in Ireland, whose father was a distant relative of Mr. Blank's family, he inserted the following advertisement in the New York *Herald*:

"If James M'Dermott will communicate with the advertiser, he will hear of something to his advantage."

The following morning James McDermott, of whose previous career we have already incidentally given a brief sketch, called at Blank's address. Mr. Blank

asked him to join the service of the British Consul General. He accepted the offer, as he, too, was in somewhat straitened circumstances at the time. He was well known in the newspaper circles of Brooklyn and New York as a man of the most desperate and disreputable of characters. He had the reputation of being a political *bravo* whose dirty work could be purchased at any election—municipal or otherwise—for a monetary consideration. He had at one time been accused of killing a man in a public house brawl, but was acquitted through the influence exercised on his behalf by political "bosses" whose interests he had looked after in contested elections. This was the instrument whom Mr. Blank selected for the carrying out of the work which Sir Edward Archibald wanted to have done. On Blank engaging the services of McDermott, the latter proposed at once that they should pay a visit to Rossa's offices. They went and found the dynamite chief alone in his headquarters. He welcomed "Jim" back again to active work, and talked in his usual free-and-easy manner about his plans and projects for what he called "striking a blow for Ireland." While Blank was sympathetically listening to Rossa's ravings, Jim McDermott was busy pocketing all the papers withing his reach. He secured a number of documents and left with Blank, assuring Rossa of a speedy return with a subscription to help on "the good cause." The following morning McDermott brought to Blank's house all the papers he had stolen; and among them was found a "password" to some of the barracks in Dublin signed by the Duke of Connacht. With their booty in their possession, Blank and McDermott waited on Sir Edward Archibald. The Consul General expressed himself highly pleased at getting possession of the papers, and in response to McDermott's suggestion, gave Blank $100 to be handed to Rossa as a "subscription to the cause." The money was lodged by McDermott in a bank in Brooklyn. Another visit was paid to Rossa's office by Blank and McDermott, the health of "the cause" was drank, and McDermott, addressing Rossa, told him he must give up controversy and attend to real work, otherwise he (McDermott) would not help him. He then handed Rossa $50, which money the latter acknowledged in his paper with a tribute of praise to the practical patriotism of James McDermott. Meanwhile Sir Edward Archibald communicated with Dublin Castle, and described the papers which McDermott had stolen out of Rossa's office, whereupon word came back by cable to send McDermott to Ireland. Another visit was paid to the office of the British Consul-General by Blank and his confederate. The mission to Ireland was proposed to McDermott, and he agreed to go if well supplied with cash. He received $500 on the spot to defray his expenses, and was told that further necessary funds would be at his disposal when he landed in Ireland. A few days after this money had been received, McDermott called again upon Rossa, and told him that he was going on a newspaper expedition to Ireland, and was prepared to do anything in his power to further the cause on the other side of the Atlantic. He asked for letters of introduction from Rossa to persons in Ireland—copies of which will be given in the course of this narrative—and modestly solicited a "send off" on his departure. The letters were given in due time, the "send off" was organized and James McDermott sailed for Liverpool. It was arranged between him and Sir Edward Archibald that he should proceed from thence to Birkenhead and put up at the Railway Hotel in that town to await the advent of a Dublin Castle official, who would register in the hotel as "Mr. George Jones."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Close of "The Century's" Twentieth Year.

The *Century* for October opens with a frontispiece portrait of Joseph Jefferson. The last installment of the autobiography accompanies the familiar face, an installment which the author considers the most important of all, perhaps, because it contains, at considerable detail, his own final reflections upon the art of which he is an acknowledged master. It is doubtful whether such subtle and at the same time practical suggestions can be found elsewhere from a source so authoritative.

Prof. Darwin, of Cambridge, England, a worthy son of a great father, contributes a paper of high and original value on "Meteorites and the History of Stellar Systems." A striking photograph of a nebula, in which a system like our own solar system seems to be in actual formation, accompanies this remarkable paper.

"A Hard Road to Travel Out of Dixie," is the accurate title of a paper in the *Century's* new war prison series. The present contribution is by the well known artist and illustrator, Lieut. W. H. Shelton, of New York. Mr. Shelton naturally furnishes his own illustrations for his own story of hardship and adventure.

"Prehistoric Cave Dwellings" is a profusely and strikingly illustrated paper by F. T. Bickford, on the prehistoric and ruined pueblo structures in Chaco Canon, New Mexico, the Canon de Chelly, Arizona—the ancient home of the most flourishing community of cave dwellers—and other extraordinary cave villages not now inhabited.

The first article in the number is a pleasant travel sketch, "Out of the Ways in High Savoy," by Dr. Edward Eggleston, fully illustrated by Joseph Pennell.

Mr. La Farge's "Letters from Japan" have for their most striking feature this month the description, in word and picture, of fishing by means of cormorants in a Japanese river.

Mrs. Amelia Gere Mason closes in this number her first series of articles on "The Women of the French Salons." These articles having been so successful Mrs. Mason has been asked to furnish a supplementary paper or two on Mesdames Recamier, DeStael, and Roland.

Miss Helen Gray Cone contributes a paper on "Women in American Literature," in which she reviews the whole field of American female authorship—Miss Cone apologizing at the beginning for thus separating the women writers from those of the opposite sex.

In fiction the October number closes Mrs. Barr's story of "Olivia"; and gives a sketch by a new southern writer (Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle), and a story by Miss Sarah Orne Jewett—both illustrated by Kemble.

The "Bric a Brac" contributors are the late John Eliot Bowen and Edward A. Oldham.

Messrs. Daly, McCaffrey and Martin, Carrickmacross, were recently released from Belfast jail.

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

LEINSTER.

POISONED HIMSELF.

Mr. Matthew H. Jones, coroner for East Wicklow, held an inquest in the court house, Rathdrum, on the body of William Jones, Babana, who had attempted to poison his wife and family by placing a quantity of strychnine in the cream used at breakfast, made a desperate assault upon his laborer, John Maites, and afterwards committed suicide in the presence of three constables, who came to arrest him, by swallowing the contents of a box containing a portion of the same deadly compound which he placed in the cream ewer. The jury returned a verdict to the effect that the deceased met his death by poison administered by his own hand during a fit of temporary insanity.

WEXFORD MEN HEAR FINE SPEECHES.

A magnificent demonstration was held in Enniscorthy in support of the National cause, and to give Mr. John E. Redmond, M. P., an opportunity of addressing his constituents. Sir Thomas Esmonde, M. P., was also present, and took part in the meeting. The honorable members were received with very great enthusiasm. The streets were spanned by triumphal arches, and flags and banners were displayed on all sides.

MISCELLANEOUS.

At Kildare petty sessions, before Col. Forbes and Mr. John E. Medlicott, District Inspector H. J. L. Cary opposed the signing of the magistrates' certificate for the renewal of the license of Peter Maher, of Nurney, or Blackditch, on the ground that he "had not been of good character, and had not conducted his house in a peaceable and orderly manner during the year." Policemen and an emergencyman named Switzer were examined, and deposed that the latter was refused bread in the shop in July last. The magistrates refused to sign the license, and notice of appeal was taken.

Colonel Norman has taken Barrettstown House, the residence of the evictor and house burner of Clongorey. The subject was referred to at the last meeting of the Newbridge league.

The following are the names of the tenants evicted on the Luggacurran estate recently: Charles Phelan, Clopook; Mary Moore, Eliza Phelan, Owen and Arthur O'Neill, William Larkin, Brennanshill, and Mary Cramer, Ballycoolan.

Not a single Nationalist guardian attended in the board room of Mountmellick at the hour fixed a month previously to pass representations for laborers' houses.

The farm laborers in the employment of Mr. C. Deane, Athy, struck work recently. The cause was Mr. Deane having given evidence unfavorable to a number of men charged with complicity in the row between the police and the people on the 28th of August.

A Protestant Conservative from the neighborhood of Mountrath attended before the last meeting of the local branch of the league and expressed his regret for having unwittingly held communication with one of the Luggacurren "planters."

Not a single Catholic is employed in the Royal Bank of Ireland.

A shocking scene was witnessed at an inquest in Tullamore on the body of Edward B. Reed, Finnymuck Clara. The body was lying half naked on the floor of the bedroom and the ordinary sanitary arrangements had not been complied with for some time. The interior of the house was in a shocking condition. It is stated deceased had an income of £200 yearly.

The following candidates have been certified as qualified by the Civil Service Commissioners: Sorting Clerks and Telegraph Learners—J. Bracken, Clonmel; T. Mayne, Dublin; Ellen O'Keeffe, Tralee; J. Ryan, Tipperary. Postmen—W. Crooks, Belfast; J. J. Cashin, Dublin.

The Kilkenny races were held on Sept. 24 and 25. The attendance was good.

A horse trainer named Thomas Verney was thrown from a horse in Arklow and died in an hour from the injuries received.

The Carlow sports came off recently, but as it rained from start to finish, the event was a dead failure, notwithstanding the most excellent arrangements.

James Markey, a laborer, residing at Ansakea, died suddenly while engaged at the harvest in a field of Frank Boyle's at Aughaboys, Louth.

A son of Mr. Donaldson, stationmaster on the Great Northern line at Dundalk, fell under a train in motion and was killed.

A man named Gleeson, foreman for Mr. P. Cleary, Castle street, Parsonstown, was superintending the making of a corn rick in the Fourteen Acres. He ascended the rick, and when at the top he slipped, fell, and was impaled upon a pitchfork. The prongs entered the breast, and inflicted very ugly wounds.

At the fair in Enniscorthy the usualy large force of police was on duty and the practice of shadowing was continued. Amongst those upon whom the eyes of the law were riveted were: Messrs. Mellon, Power, Clinch, Kavanagh, Sutton and Ennis.

Patrick Kavanagh, Mountpleasant, near Tinahely, while loading corn for Mr. John Willoughby, Rusnastraw, died suddenly.

A meeting of the Carlow '98 Memorial Committee was held recently, John Kelly in the chair. Also present: Messrs. Byrne, Brennan, Clowry, Roche, Coulan and O'Gorman. Mr. Clowry gave notice that he would move at the next meeting that the contractor be paid for all work done up to date, less ten per cent. The meeting approved of a tracing for a railing, ¾ inch circular bar, with ornamental toppings of shamrocks and pikeheads, submitted by Mr. Byrne.

MUNSTER.

A PUBLICAN TO BE CRUSHED.

John Cullinan, has been served with a notice that the renewal of the license which he holds at Bansha will be opposed on the grounds that he is not a person of good character, and that his house was not properly conducted during the past year.

RAILWAY EXTENSION IN CLARE.

Since the visit of Mr. William M. Murphy, M. P., the promoter of the South Clare railway, to Kilrush, arrangements are being vigorously pushed forward for commencing the works on the line—from Kilrush to Miltownmalbay, joining the West Clare railway at the latter town—the whole forming a trunk line through the county of Clare, taking in all the principal towns and important villages, as well as the Lisdoonvarna spas and the health-restoring watering town of Kilkee.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Fifty big and little landlords held a convention in Waterford recently.

A very successful mission closed at Clogheen Sept. 14.

The county Waterford branches of the National league are to hold a convention.

A largely attended meeting of the people of Tipperary and the neighboring towns and districts was held in the square of the New Town to protest against the treatment to which Mr. John Daly and his fellow-prisoners has been subjected in Chatham prison. Mr. William Hurley presided.

At Mallow, before Hutchinson and Turner, R. M., Mrs. Hannah Relvis, the wife of an evicted publican, was sentenced to one month's imprisonment for posting boycotting notices around Mallow cautioning the people to beware of Mrs. Hale. Mrs. Hale is in possession of a shop in the main street, Mallow, from which the defendant was evicted for non-payment of rent.

Henry D. Spread has taken action against some of his Broadford tenantry, including John O'Donnell and two others, for half a year's rent.

A water supply scheme, to cost £4,500, has been adopted for Mitchelstown.

JOHN J. MCKENNA is making a vigorous race for the Appellate Court Clerkship.

LOUIS HUTT stringently denies that he ever said anything disrespectful to the Jewish American people.

LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

NEW CHURCH AT PULLMAN.

The new Catholic church of the Holy Rosary was dedicated on last Sunday at Pullman by Archbishop Feehan. The archbishop was escorted from the depot to the church by the Rev. M. J. Fitz Simons, of the Cathedral, the Rev. F. S. Hennebery, deacon; the Rev. L. A. Campbell, sub-deacon; the Rev. S. P. McDonnell, master of ceremonies; the Rev. P. J. Tinan, pastor of the Holy Rosary church; the Rev. Father Bergeron, the Rev. Father Dunne, the Rev. Father Maloney, the Rev. Father Asmuth, and half a dozen societies, about 2,000 strong, including the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Catholic Order of Foresters, Catholic Missionary and Benevolent Association, St. Stanislaus Polish Society, visiting organizations from South Chicago and the Stock Yards, a company of the Hibernian Rifles from Chicago, and the Holy Rosary Fife, Drum and Cadet corps. After the procession had entered the church, the archbishop conducted the formal ceremony of dedication. The mass of dedication was sung by the Rev. E. A. Kelly of St. Cecelia's church, assisted by the deacon, sub-deacon, and master of ceremonies. The archbishop then made an appropriate address, reviewing the history of the church, congratulating the congregation on its work accomplished, and giving advice in regard to its spiritual life in the days to come. The edifice is a handsome structure of stone and brick costing $40,000.

GOLDEN JUBILEE.

The golden jubilee, celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the Rev. Father Peter H. Tschieder's admission to the Order of Jesuits, ended on Sunday after noon with a reception at the church of the Sacred Heart. It was tendered to him by the married ladies' sodalities of the church of the Holy Family and of his own parish. He is at present director of the latter and was for many years the director of the other. Both sodalities are in a flourishing condition, that of his own parish numbering 500 members and the other over 1,200. At 8 o'clock the sacred edifice was crowded with women wearing badges of their societies. During the vesper services the ladies of each sodality presented the venerable priest with written addresses and huge bouquets of flowers. Father Tschieder ascended his pulpit, and after thanking the assembled ladies for their warm expressions of congratulation and their prayers gave them a priestly blessing in lieu of a papal blessing, which he said he had not received authority to give.

On one side of the chancel were the gifts to the priest, among which were two gold chalices, one costing $300, made by Feeley of Providence, R. I., the gift of the sodality of the Holy Family church. The other chalice was presented by Benziger Bros., publishers, of New York. There was a large oil painting representing "The Sorrowful Mother," and a banner, with a field of blue silk, trimmed with gold. It contained on one side a picture of the Blessed Virgin holding the infant Jesus in her arms; on the other, St. Ann. These presents were blessed by the priest, after which he took a position beside them. The ladies passed in front of him, viewed the presents, and each received from his hands a keepsake. The choir consisted of singers from Sacred Heart, Holy Family, and St. Pius' churches and soloists from other churches, and sang Haydn's third imperial mass. The celebrant was the Rev. Father Tschieder, assisted by the Rev. Florentine Boudreaux, who will celebrate his golden jubilee next February, as deacon, and the Rev. Andrew O'Neill, of the Holy Family church as sub deacon. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Walter H. Hill, who has been a member of the Jesuit order for forty four years.

The Rev. Peter H. Tschieder is now about 72 years of age. He is a native of Switzerland and joined the Jesuits Oct. 4, 1840. He was expelled from Switzerland in 1848 with others of his order and came to America and attached himself to the province of Jesuits in Missouri. He was in charge of the Holy Family parish in 1860 for several years and again about 1879. He was transferred to his present parish in 1886 and has been with it continuously ever since. He is the fourteenth Jesuit who has celebrated his golden jubilee.

ST. MONICA CHURCH FAIR.

Quite a sum of money will be realized for the new Catholic church of St. Monica (colored) by the fair and bazaar opened under the auspices of the church Monday night at Central Hall, Twenty second street and Wabash avenue. The committee in charge includes Hilvey Mal, Thos. I. Hart, Mrs. R. Wilson, and Mrs. James Armstrong. Numerous raffles will be held, and the handsomest and most popular gentleman will receive a gold watch. Mesdames Spriggs, Price, Watts, Latcher and Davis are the ladies in charge of the booths.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Joseph Teshon, of Omaha, Neb., traveling passenger agent of the Wabash Railroad, is visiting relatives in Chicago.

Mrs. E. M. McClure, No. 138 Thirty-first street, so familiarly known in millinery circles, returned to the city a few days ago after a month's absence in New York. Mrs. McClure is now displaying in her handsome establishment a full line of feathers, hats, bonnets, toques, etc., and the most elegant designs in millinery materials and novelties. Her designs will be found unique, original and stylish, while her prices will be found more than 25 per cent cheaper than down town stores for the same class of goods. Original designs, stylish millinery and reasonable prices are her mottoes.

MATRIMONIAL.

O'GRADY-GILL.

On Oct. 8, at St. Bridget's church, by Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor, Miss Nora Gill and Mr. Thomas O'Grady were married in the presence of numerous friends and well wishers. The handsome bride was beautifully attired and attended by Miss Mary Gill. The groomsman was Mr. James Kane.

A. O. H. Ball.

The Hibernian Rifles will give a grand reception and ball in Curran's Hall, Fourteenth street and Blue Island avenue, on next Saturday evening. It will be the inauguration of a series of social affairs given under the auspices of the Hibernian Rifle Pleasure Club.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

Electric Belt Free.

To introddce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5 00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U. S. Pat. 257 647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178 Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to-day.

FOR SALE.

PROOF POSITIVE
THAT
LOTS IN "MAGNETIC" GROSSDALE
AT $100 AND UPWARD

are thoroughly appreciated by the people visiting this hand-ome suburban city is found in the affidavit below, showing the sale of

95 LOTS IN 3 SHORT HOURS:

I, OSCAR S. PRATT,
EMPLOYED BY
S. E. GROSS,
THE WORLD'S GREATEST REAL-ESTATE DEALER,

having offices at the southeast corner of Dearborn and Randolph sts.,

do solemnly swear that I am a resident of the city of Chicago, county of Cook, state of Illinois, and that I have been for the past nine months, and am now, in the employ of the said S. E. Gross. Further, that I attended the first and second grand free excursions and sale of lots at Magnetic Grossdale as one of the cashiers; that in the short space of three hours 95 lots were sold and moneys were paid to me on the same by parties actually present, who had inspected the property and were convinced (by their own acknowledgment) that the lots purchased by them were the most desirable and the best to be had in or around the city of Chicago at anywhere near the price. O. S. PRATT.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3d day of May, 1893. J. H. DAY, Notary Public.

GROSSDALE
HAS SUCH CITY IMPROVEMENTS AS
SIDEWALKS ON ALL STREETS,
SHADE TREES IN FRONT OF ALL LOTS,
MACADAMIZED BOULEVARD,
BEAUTIFUL PARK AND GROVES,
AND THE PRICE OF LOTS
IS ONLY $100 AND UPWARD,
$25 cash, balance in monthly payments of $5 and upward,
HANDSOME HOUSES
of the latest styles and most approved plans, $4,300 to $5,000; $500 cash, balance small monthly payments.

TO VISIT GROSSDALE
CALL AT MY MAIN OFFICE

Salesmen will accompany you on any of the following trains, leaving the C., B. & Q. depot, Canal and Adams streets.

WEEK DAY TRAINS.

Leaving depot at.....10:15 a. m.
Leaving depot at.....11:15 a. m.
Leaving depot at..... 1:30 p. m.
Leaving depot at..... 3:15 p. m.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

Leaving depot at.....11:00 a. m.
Leaving depot at..... 1:20 p. m.
Sunday special, leaving..... 1:45 p. m.

Free tickets for Sunday special can be obtained at depot gate ten minutes before train time.

S. E. GROSS,
S. E. Cor. Dearborn & Randolph

A WINNING WORK.

Compendium of Press Criticisms of Mr. Finerty's "Warpath and Bivouac."

The Leading American, Irish and British Newspapers Praise It.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic. In such a war there can be no non-combatants, and the author was often in danger, and once, when entrapped with a scouting party, in extreme peril. The general movements of the troops, the marches, encampments and battles are well narrated. We learn all that is likely to be known of poor Custer's last combat, which no white witness survived to report. * * * Fortunately for himself and his readers, Mr. Finerty has escaped these varied dangers to give the public his very readable and commendable book.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Within the next ten days the same savage foe overwhelmed Custer not more than twenty miles away. What is known as the Sibley scout, a reconnoissance of about thirty men that fell in with an overwhelming war party in the Tongue River country, is perhaps the most thrilling episode described. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The Americans occupied a pretty strong post with a wood behind it through which, after a great deal of firing, they had to retreat. They felt that if wounded suicide was better than falling alive into the hands of the enemy. Led by Gruard, they crept off unobserved amused by the thought of the Indians' disappointment when they came for the scalps of the party which had vanished. They had a most difficult country to retreat through, scaling a gigantic mountain wall diagonally. From its crest they saw the camp of the main body twenty miles away, and half starved and almost dead with thirst made their road down. They saw a number of Sioux below, but were not observed, and after crossing a deep river at last reached camp. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull. He may be said to have been the last of the great war chiefs able to oppose for a season by craft and courage the march of the white man; for although there have been and will be, desultory fighting towards the Mexican frontier, these Apache raids do not attain the dignity of Indian warfare. The episode of the last Sioux war had touches of romantic and dramatic interest to its close."

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures." It is no slight praise, and yet no undeserved praise, to mention Mr. Finerty's book beside those fascinating volumes. * * * It has the advantage of being written at first instead of at second hand, with the touch of nature only to be found in such narratives."

AN EX CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

TERMS:

"Warpath and Bivouac" comprises two parts in one octavo volume of over 460 pages, with Map and Illustrations, in two styles of binding, Half Morocco, Gilt Edges, at $3 50 per volume; and Extra Fine, Silk Finished Cloth, with Marble Edges, at $2 per volume. All subscriptions and orders should be sent to JOHN F. FINERTY, 79 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, and to him all checks, money orders, etc., should be made payable

ST. PETER'S ON THE MOUNT.

Above the world it seems—this house of God,
Beside its walls—the green and daisied sod,
Beneath—the woods and meadows spreading far,
On either side the mountains form a wall.
Alone it stands—like some bright guiding star
Serenely shedding light and joy o'er all.

Nearer to heaven it seems—we climb the hill,
And at the prospect soul and being thrill.
The wide world lies below at peace and rest,
Beyond the waters of Lake Asquam roll.
And that same wind that stirs the water's breast
Brings sweet refreshment to the weary soul.

Nature and God are one—and as we kneel
The Holy Spirit's influence we feel.
There no discordant note—the singing bird
That carols merrily outside the door
Disturbeth not the reading of the word—
There is a harmony not known before.

The perfect peace of God for which we pray
Seems to be with us on our homeward way,
And as we look behind, the church of stone,
Encircled by the earth's most ancient hills,
Above the mountains, seems to stand alone,
The while its shadow all the valley fills.
—Churchman.

A PIKETOWN ROMANCE.

Old Peter Cummins was "deown with the rheumatiz." Consequently he was very peevish.

He badgered and bullied all who came within hearing of his stentorian voice, from his youngest daughter Martha to his meek, pale faced old wife.

He found fault with his one hired man to such an extent that the latter "quit," leaving the plow in the furrow in the back lot, and went in search of a place where, as he expressed it, he could "chaw his hash in peace, an' not be cussed at w'enever he went in ear shot of the house."

The hired man had not been a rapid worker, and as Peter had been ailing for weeks his farm work was in a very backward and chaotic condition.

The plowing was no more than half done, the potatoes were not planted, the corn ground was not "fitted," and it was already the middle of May.

The farm hands for miles around had all secured situations, and had been at work for weeks. There was not one to be had for love or money.

It looked as though Peter Cummins would have to worry through the season as best he could without a hired man.

Under the circumstances Peter did not improve either in health or temper

"Drat the rheumatiz!" cried he. "If I could only git about I'd hitch up ole Jerry an' drive till I found a hired man—an' one good for suthin', too. But here I am tied down—bound an' gagged—with this pesky rheumatiz. Ow, wow, wow! wot a tinge thet air was."

Although Peter was, in a certain sense, bound to his chair, he was very far from stating the truth when he said he was gagged, as his wife, his daughters and every chance passerby could have testified.

Although plowing and planting were at a standstill on the farm the dairy work went on as briskly as ever, with Miss Susan Cummins as general manager and Miss Martha an able assistant.

The seventeen cows were milked bright and early every morning; the milk was "set" in large, shallow pans, and the cream, at the proper time, was churned, salted and "worked" into the sweetest of golden butter.

This was not considered hard work by the tall, broad shouldered, rosy cheeked, blue eyed, flaxen haired Susan, who at 19 years of age was as strong, healthy and cheerful as a girl well could be.

Martha, two years younger, although equally as light hearted as her sister, was different in many ways. She resembled her mother, who, when a "gal," as she often told her daughters, was considered a great beauty.

Martha had inherited her mother's coal black hair and eyes, creamy complexion and slim, slender form. She was very pretty, and not a farmer boy for miles around but loved the ground she walked on—especially when she lightly tripped over a portion of her father's fertile soil.

The Cummins homestead would have been fairly overrun with admirers of the two girls (for there were many who liked the robust Susan's style of beauty) but for one thing. They one and all had a wholesome fear and dread of Peter's rasping, ear piercing, foghorn voice. He also, when not down with "rheumatiz," wielded with much dexterity and accuracy a No. 10 cowhide boot.

So, because of the voice and the boot, the girls, though greatly admired, had no "steady company."

The nearest approach to it was the three calls Hiram Stubbs had made on Susan.

On his first visit Hiram was very anxious, apparently, to secure Peter's advice as to what he had better do with his "nine acre lot—seed it down er plant it ag'in."

Peter, being in a cheerful mood, for a wonder, expatiated and dwelt on the delightful subject at such great length, and Hiram, to propitiate him, gave him such marked and undivided attention, that Susan remained unnoticed, save at such rare intervals as Peter went to the door to expectorate. On these occasions Hiram rolled a prominent pewter eye toward the damsel, and made a hurried and whispered observation on the state of the weather or solicitously inquired as to her health.

The youth's second visit, ostensibly for the purpose of procuring a recipe for a spavin liniment, passed off in much the same way.

When Hiram, in his store clothes, presented himself at the kitchen door of the Cummins homestead for the third time there was a coolness in the reception tendered him by the old husbandman that should have warned him of breakers ahead.

Peter, being tired and cross, retired early, and the young man, not to lose any precious time, at once commenced edging his chair toward the blushing and expectant damsel.

He reached her side as soon as could be expected under the circumstances, and had just succeeded in partially surrounding her buxom form with an arm by no means too long, when the two were thrown apart as by an electric shock. They had heard the following words, uttered in a tone of voice that could be heard a full mile:

"Hi, there, Susan! Send thet air tow-headed fool hum, an' mog your boots tew bed. Dew ye hear?"

It was well understood that when Peter said a thing he meant it. He was not only handy with his No. 10 boots, but was a very muscular man and a noted "rough and tumble" wrestler.

In fact Peter stated no more than the truth when he said:

"I kin down anything within ten mile in Piketown, with one exception—thet's the rheumatiz."

He was also a great worker, being able to "out-hoe, out-mow, out-chop an' out-eat" any man that he ever had in his employ.

"Martha," said Susan a day or two after the hired man had taken his departure, "we are out of sugar, molasses and spice, and you'll have to go to the village with some butter and do some trading."

Of course Martha was perfectly willing to do so.

She would not only have a pleasant ride, but would also have the pleasure of seeing Joe Smith, who "clerked it" in Piketown's one store.

Accordingly, after packing a few dozen eggs in oats and placing several rolls of golden butter in an earthenware jar, "Old Jerry" was hitched up, and Martha, with a great fluttering of ribbons and rustling of skirts, climbed into the old buggy wagon and started for Piketown.

She reached the village without mishap, did her trading, and after conversing for some time with Joe Smith headed old Jerry for home.

She had left the village about two miles behind when she saw a young man trudging along ahead of her in the dusty road, a dilapidated carpet bag in hand.

He seemed to be footsore and tired, and as Martha was a kind hearted little thing, and as there was plenty of room in the big, coffin boxed buggy, she halted and asked him to ride.

The invitation was accepted with alacrity, and Martha found herself seated beside a broad shouldered, trim built young man, perhaps 25 years of age. His curly chestnut hair was closely cropped, and his sandy mustache had been recently trimmed. His dark and flashing eye proclaimed him to be a quick tempered individual, while his square, massive jaw denoted determination, if not obstinacy and pugnacity.

"Have you walked far?" queried Martha after old Jerry had jogged on some distance.

"About fifteen miles," was the reply. "Fact is I'm looking for a job. Do you know of any one around here who would like to hire a man for a few months?"

"Why, yes," said Martha. "Papa's hired man has left him, his farm work is in terrible shape and he is sick. I am quite sure he will hire you. You, however, will find him very cross. He is always that way when he is ill."

"Oh, I shall not mind that in the least," replied the young man cheerfully. "I am out of a job and out of money, and under the circumstances would work for Lucifer himself. May I inquire your name?"

"My name is Martha Cummins. And yours"——

"Is Robert Sharp."

At that moment old Jerry turned into the Cummins door yard and sedately walked up to the kitchen door.

Martha, with the assistance of Robert Sharp, unloaded her purchases, and taking Jerry by the bridle started for the barn.

"Let me be your hostler," said the stranger, stepping forward. "You go into the house and I will attend to the horse."

The young man soon returned to the house, and was ushered into the old farmer's presence.

As Peter was greatly in need of help, and Robert Sharp was greatly in need of employment, a bargain satisfactory to both was soon struck.

Peter at once saw that his new hired man was a great worker.

Within a week he had the plowing all done and a part of the ground ready for planting.

The old husbandman's mind being thus placed at rest he soon got the better of his rheumatism and went to work with a will.

As has been already stated, Peter prided himself on the fact that he had never had an employe who was able to do as much work in a day as could he.

It had always been his custom to "race it" with every new man he hired.

When after a more or less close and exciting contest his antagonist either tacitly or openly admitted his defeat Peter would say:

"Wal, yew dew wot ye kin. Yew can't hev more uv of a cat than her skin; an' it hain't to be expected that yew, er any man in this part uv the kentry, kin keep his eend up with old Peter. Dew wot ye kin."

One evening, having fully recovered his health and strength, Peter said to Robert Sharp:

"I'm goin' deown tew Piketown this evenin' tew buy me a new hoe. Tew-morrer, yew know, we air tew plant the Green lot tew w'ite flint corn. Yew go to bed arly an' rest jest all yew kin, fer yew'll hev tew git right tew the front tew-morrer, an' don't yew furgit it."

Bright and early the next morning the two men started for the "Green lot," the hired man carrying a bag of seed corn, while Peter flourished two bright new hoes.

Said the farmer as soon as the lot was reached:

"I'm jest a-going tew make this new hoe fly tewday. This piece has got tew be planted afore night."

With these words, having filled to overflowing his planting bag with corn and his mouth with tobacco, he struck out at a terrific rate of speed, the hired man following after.

The sun having just arisen Peter had discarded his wide brimmed straw hat, and for greater freedom of movement had thrown his suspender from his right shoulder. This latter useful article of wearing apparel having become detached in front streamed out behind like the tail of a kite. His long gray hair was blown about his swarthy face, his blue checked shirt, filled with wind, puffed out like a balloon; his tan colored overalls bagged at the knee, and his mammoth boots, pushed along through the soft, sandy soil, made a shallow canal on each side of his row.

Firmly grasping in one big hand his new hoe and in the other no less than a half pint of corn Peter, puffing and blowing like a locomotive, worked himself across the field at a high rate of speed.

Looking behind him occasionally the exulting husbandman would yell:

"Come on. Come on. Thought yew knew heow to plant corn. Git a gait on ye. Git a gait on ye. Haw! haw! haw!"

At the end of the first "bout" the hired man was several yards behind, and Peter, in a high state of exultation and perspiration, took a double shuffle on a fence board which chanced to lay upon the ground near by. He then took a "chaw of terbacker," refilled his planting bag, spat upon his hands, and, seizing his new hoe, struck out with renewed vigor.

"I guess I'll let out a link or two this bout," said the sandy mustached young man to himself.

He did so, and not only passed the hitherto invincible one, but kept the lead until the dinner hour sounded.

Yes, Peter had at last found his match—and a little more.

Although he struggled manfully and well, and received the assistance of many chews of tobacco; although he shoved his sleeves far above his elbows, removed his boots and rolled up his tan colored overalls; although he wielded his new hoe with a desperation born of despair, and paid no attention as to whether he dropped one or twenty kernels in a hill, he at length had to own himself out-planted, beaten, vanquished. He did it in these words:

"This tarnal new hoe hangs out tew much."

Robert Sharp could not only out-plant Peter, but he could, and did, out-hoe, out-mow and out-chop him.

One would naturally suppose that the farmer would have been greatly pleased with so able an assistant. He was not, however. He disliked the young man because he had taken from him his prominence as a worker.

It was known for miles around that Peter Cummins had at last found a man who was his superior at all kinds of husbandry.

The old tiller of the soil grew to hate his vanquisher.

The young man's presence was a constant reminder to Peter of the many defeats he had suffered at his hands.

And so he began to cast about for an excuse, good or bad, for discharging him.

He found one sooner than he expected.

One moonlight evening in August Peter paid his nearest neighbor a visit, and coming home through his back lane at about 9 o'clock came upon a couple seated on a log beneath the wide spreading branches of a chestnut tree.

The young man's arm encircled the maiden's slim waist, her head rested on his broad shoulder, and their hands were clasped.

As they were deeply absorbed in taking an astronomical observation the presence of a third party was for a moment unobserved.

Then Martha, lowering her eyes from the man in the moon to the man on the earth, saw and recognized her sire. Robert Sharp saw him at nearly the same instant.

"Martha!" roared the irate husbandman as though his daughter was a mile away, "you mog your boots tew the house this minute. Come, neow, git. As fur yew (turning to the hired man) yew come with me an' I'll pay yew off, an' then, yew tarnal cuss, git off'n my farm. Ye're nuthin' but a pesky, no-account tramp, anyway. If I sarved ye right I'd give ye a lift with my boot."

Peter started toward the young man as though he really intended to bring into action his noted No. 10.

Why didn't he do so?

Perhaps he saw a glitter in Robert's dark eye, and an ominous clinching of his sunburned hand that convinced him that "discretion was the better part of valor."

Robert Sharp went to the farm house, received his wages, and thrusting his few belongings into his old carpet bag left the Cummins homestead, as Peter thought, forever.

Before taking his departure he asked to see Martha for a moment, but the request was greeted with a stentorian "No!"

Susan, however, bade him a cordial farewell, and slyly slipped into his hand a tightly rolled piece of paper.

The next day after dismissing his hired man Peter went to Piketown, and falling in with some old cronies did not leave the village till nearly 10 o'clock at night.

When within about a mile of his home he met a rapidly driven wagon in which were seated a man and woman.

Although the woman was heavily veiled and the man pulled his hat well down over his eyes the old farmer at once recognized his younger daughter and his former hired man.

"Whoa!" roared Peter, swinging his horse across the road, thus stopping the further progress of the evidently eloping couple.

"Whoa! Wot does this mean, you tarnal tramp? Git out uv thet wagon at onct, Martha, an' come with me. D'ye hear? Come, neow, mog yer boots."

As the young lady made no move preparatory to obeying the order, but on the contrary clung hysterically to her companion, Peter, in order to enforce his command, leaped from his wagon and approached the other vehicle.

No sooner had he done so than Robert Sharp, freeing himself from Martha, jumped to the ground, seized the husbandman by the collar of his snuff colored coat, pulled him forward, pushed him backward, and, tripping him with lightninglike rapidity, threw him with such force as to make the ground fairly shake.

Having done this he backed Peter's horse into the roadside ditch, clambered into his wagon and drove rapidly away.

Although Peter was so dazed by his fall that he saw ten thousand stars, he notwithstanding managed to get to his feet before the runaways had completely disappeared from view.

"Whoa! whoa!" he roared in a voice that would put to shame any fog horn ever invented.

"Whoa! Whoa! Come back! Come back, Martha, an' git married tew hum. Wait till a week frum tew-night, an' I'll git ye up a weddin' that'll beat anything ever seen within ten miles uv Piketown."

Martha and Robert, being less than a mile away, heard Peter's words, and after a moment's consultation the exhired man turned his horse about and drove to the scene of the late impromptu wrestling match.

"Bob," shouted Peter, holding his hand out toward the young man, "yew kin hev the gal in welcome. D'ye hear? In welcome. Ye're worthy uv her. Any man that outplants, outhoes and outmows old Pete Cummins, an' tew cap all slams him on his back the way yew hev, is worthy uv the best gal within ten mile uv Piketown."

The week following the above related incident Robert Sharp and Martha Cummins were married.

The wedding festivities were of a high order and on a very elaborate scale.

The supper went beyond anything in the culinary line that had been known in that vicinity within the memory of "the oldest inhabitants."

The Piketown full string band was in attendance, and Peter, resplendent in a white shirt with a very high collar, a long tailed black coat, blue jean trousers and newly tallowed boots, danced a breakdown with a vigor and abandon unknown to the rising generation.

The boys all "danced till broad daylight, and went home with the girls in the morning."

Peter is very proud of his son-in-law, and permits him to do nearly all the farm work and a share of the planning.

He is willing at any time to lay a wager that "Bob Sharp—my son-in-law—kin outplant, outhoe, outmow an' outrassel any man within ten miles uv Piketown."—Thomas Burke in Detroit Free Press.

Where She Lived.

It is strange how difficult some persons find it to answer a simple question directly. Even the fact that time, other people's time, is valuable does not disturb their enjoyment in chatting of various things which have no bearing on the two or three words which their interlocutors wait more or less patiently to hear. The following conversation took place not long ago in a busy savings bank.

Said the cashier. "Where do you live, madam?"

"Well, I just came up from the Cape. My sister's just been married, and her husband has a fine place down there. He's doing well, is Amelia's husband, and I'm glad of it. They say"——

"Excuse me, madam," interrupted the cashier, "I wish to fill in this blank with your residence."

"Well, I was going to tell you. She wanted me to go down and visit her at the Cape. So I've been down there a month. She wouldn't hardly let me come up today. She said I must stay a week longer, anyway. But I thought"—

Again the official protested. "What is your address now?"

"As I was saying, I am going to look for a boarding place. I don't know yet where I'll stay. I want a place to suit me for all winter. And I can't decide"—She paused a minute for breath, and seemed rather surprised to be asked sternly:

"Where have you been staying? That address will do."

"Why, at my sister's, down on the Cape. I never make long visits, but I've been there more than a month, she being just married and thinking a sight of me."

"Yes; where does your sister live?"

"Down on the Cape"——

"Whereabouts on the Cape? What town?"

"Athensville."

And the cashier and four customers who had been waiting breathed a sigh of relief as she turned away murmuring that Athensville wasn't really a town, but that her married sister liked living there very well.—Youth's Companion.

A Unique Fernery.

In the main glass covered building in the Botanical garden, amid all the wealth of tropical plants, Mr. Smith, the superintendent of that department of the annex to the Agricultural department proper (which is kept up as a governmental source for bouquets and boutonnaires for senators and members), has arranged a carved stone fernery that has a history, and it has also given him some trouble to explain its history, at the expense of his character for truthfulness.

When the old senate chamber doors were taken down the superintendent of the Botanical gardens had the stone arch above one of the doors removed to his main conservatories, where it was placed contiguous to an artificial pool of water or fountain, and made a mantel for arborescent plants that for effective beauty surpasses nature herself. Unfortunately in a jocular moment he told some one that the stone mantel was a relic from the ruins of Herculanæum. For months after wives and daughters of senators, members and others interested in the antiquaries bothered him almost unto death for its unique history.

Withal its history, as having been the arch of a door of the American senate chamber under which walked Webster, Clay, Calhoun and a galaxy of manhood whose equal the Acropolis and Parthenon never encompassed, should make it sacred, as a simple fernery, as a part of American history.—Washington Post.

A Roundabout Rejection.

"When will you become my wife, Ethel?"

"On the 29th day of February, 1891."

"But there's no such day."

"That's the size of it."—New York Sun.

Birds of a feather, flock together.
So do pigs and swine.
The Girls and Boys
all have their choice.
And so will I have mine,
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WONDERFUL ENGINEERING FEAT.

Floating the Ohio Connecting Railway Channel Span.

The Engineering and Building Record gives an interesting account of the work of floating the channel span of the Ohio Connecting railway bridge near Pittsburg, Pa., and depositing it in its resting place on the piers. The Ohio Connecting railway, about 18,000 feet long, is essentially a belt road, built chiefly as a transfer between north and northwestern and south and southwestern roads at Pittsburg, and includes a bridge 4,558 feet long across the upper part of Brunot's Island and the Ohio river, a little below Pittsburg.

The channel span of this bridge is a steel single track through single intersection span, with intermediate subpanels and members. The trusses are 25 feet apart, and have a maximum depth of 65 feet. They are 523 feet long and have curved top chords. The masonry piers are about 80 feet high, and between them an enormous river traffic of steamboats, barges and rafts constantly passes.

To avoid obstructing this traffic, as well as to be somewhat less exposed to danger from flood, it was decided not to build any false work, trestles or piling whatever between the piers, but instead to assemble the span at the required level, with its axis perpendicular to the final position, and far enough removed to be clear of the main waterway, then to float it to its required position and secure it to the abutment seats. In the shallow water along the shore of the island piles were driven on which to erect the false work and span.

The piles were arranged in rows corresponding to the panel of the bridge. Each row was cut off and capped about 18½ feet above normal water level, and several lines of 20 inch steel beams were laid across the caps. These formed stringers on which timber trestle bents of suitable dimensions were erected, and secured by wooden bracings and special adjustable iron tie rods. On this false work the iron and steel bridge members were hoisted, assembled and connected in the usual manner from a traveling wooden erecting tower nearly 100 feet high. This part of the work was rapidly executed in fifteen working days. Nine specially constructed barges were then floated into position under the 20-inch steel beams and between the rows of piles.

The barges were 130 by 25 by 8 feet deep, strengthened by longitudinal and transverse bulkheads, and contained inlet valves through the bottom of every chamber. These valves were then closed, and the water was pumped out in about five hours by steam pumps on three adjacent tug boats, and as the barges rose they finally received the entire weight of the bridge span and supporting false work and floated it clear above the piles. The false work was securely connected together by longitudinal timbers and temporarily bolted with iron plates to the piles. Decked barges were secured to the others and to the false work at the ends, and carried four multiple spooled hoisting engines, besides which two others were set up on the shore, all of them being supplied with about 60,000 feet of lines.

The span was secured against overturning by heavy steel guy ropes from each end of each barge, and guy ropes were attached to the floating mass, the barges disconnected from the piles, and the hoisting engines, winding upon tackles made fast to the shore, slowly drew the barges clear of the piles. Stringers across the rear of the barges and extra braces were then placed where the piles had previously interfered, and the barges and their burden again drawn forward, swung through an angle of about 90 degs., and drawn upstream between the bridge piers, which had about twenty-five feet clearance from the end barges.

The movement was very slow, occupying several hours, and was always in very short stages, preceded by careful adjustment of the guy lines. The bridge was thus brought approximately to position twenty-one inches above the required level. Guide bolts were passed directly through the shoes and inserted in holes prepared in the masonry, and the valves in the barges being opened the false work gradually sunk until it deposited the span safely on its seats and left it there free and clear. The total weight moved by the barges was about 1,800 tons, 915 of which was the weight of the permanent span. The false work was removed and used to erect, in its required position, another span of the same bridge.

Courtship.

Hearts cannot always be taken by storm. Wooing may be too hasty and precipitate as well as too slow. A man who offers himself to a woman before he has made sure of her affections is very liable to receive "no" for an answer, when, with a little delay and assiduity combined, he might have made it "yes." There is an instinctive pride in woman which makes her rebel against the idea of being too quickly and too easily won.

She naturally thinks he must hold her love cheap who supposes it may be had by a comparative stranger for the mere asking. Even in the case of mutual love at first sight she does not willingly forego the pleasures of the delightful period of courtship. The wild bird wooes his mate with long and mellifluous song, and woman feels it her right to exact homage before marriage.—New York Ledger.

Pig Extraordinary.

Dr. Hickman, of Ludlow, Shropshire, England, has a pig in his museum the anatomical structure of which is as extraordinary as it is unaccountable. The minute anatomy is not given, but the external appearances are one head, two eyes, four ears, eight legs and two tails. The internal structure is one tongue, one windpipe, one esophagus and stomach, one heart, having four sets of circulations, viz: Two aortae to supply the body and two to supply the lungs, two livers, four kidneys, two bladders, two spleens and two sets of intestines.—St. Louis Republic.

Too Much Shade.

In a recent number of The Sanitarian Dr. W. T. Parker protests against thick planting of trees very near the house. Not only do they prevent the free access of air and of sunshine or even light, but they also injure the character of the soil as suited for permanent occupation. "A soil," says the writer, "loaded with roots and densely shaded is unfit for man to live upon constantly. Vegetation produces a great effect upon the movement of the air. Its velocity is checked, and sometimes in thick clusters of trees or underwood the air is almost stagnant. If moist and decaying vegetation be a coincident condition of such stagnation the most fatal forms of malarious diseases are produced.

"A moist soil is cold, and is generally believed to predispose to rheumatism, catarrh and neuralgia. It is a matter of general experience that most people feel healthier on a dry soil. In some way which is not clear a moist soil produces an unfavorable effect upon the lungs. A moist soil influences greatly the development of the agent, whatever it may be, which causes the paroxysmal fevers."

Men with Low Foreheads.

Here is a gallery of "low foreheads" warranted to astonish the knowing ones who never see virtue except in bald fronts. Look up the portraits of Grant, McClellan, Logan and Sheridan among soldiers; Holmes, Stedman, Howells, Grant White, Curtis, Parton, Twain and Warner among authors; the late Chief Justice Waite and Matthew Arnold among recently deceased notables, and see how the growth of their hair subjects them to be slandered by the shallow pates.

On the other hand look at the full face portraits of the average baldheaded man, and see how his affliction glorifies his intellect. When you find a man whose hair grows down over the bend of his profile forehead, while yet leaving it "high" to the eye, you have got hold of a thinker who is also a man of action, such as Beecher, Booth, Ruskin, Lincoln.

The dome shaped forehead usually marks the idealist, and the square shaped brow the practical man of affairs and wit.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The President of Mexico.

President Portorio Diaz, of Mexico, is a portly, dark skinned, Indian eyed man, with closely clipped blue-black hair and a drooping mustache. His years are nine-and-fifty, and he is serving his third term as president. Yet you never see him without a smile on his face. He is iron willed, and when the grant to the American railroad in Mexico was withheld by the parliament or congress Diaz was out taking a ride. He came up into congress and addressed them, saying:

"Signors, you will either pass this bill or go straight home."

They looked a minute, and raised the cry of "Long live the president!" and passed the bill.—Frank Leslie's.

A Natural Question.

Pupil—Please, what do they make castor oil out of?

Teacher—the castor bean.

Pupil—Then, do they make lima oil out of the lima bean?—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A passenger elevator to the summit of Mount Blanc is proposed by an American mining engineer. The shaft is to be of eight compartments, each six feet square, intended to carry a triple decked elevator for twenty-seven passengers.

OUR NEIGHBOR STARS.

THERE ARE SCHOLARS WHO THINK THEY ARE INHABITED.

Science Has No Means of Proving It, but if Not the Case Why Were They Created? Some of the Conclusions Which Have Been Reached by the Professor.

"You remember," said the professor, as reported in the Cincinnati Times-Star, "my allusion some time ago to the fact that Mars resembled the earth in many of its observed features. It has for years been the dream of astronomy to prove that life exists in some or all of the millions of stars which surround us. The poetic astronomer reasons in this way: All things were created for the use and support of living beings. What use do the myriads of heavenly bodies subserve if there is no life? Would not the earth be altogether devoid of interest if life did not exist? If there was neither life nor thought what would be the significance of the universe? Reflections of this sort enkindle the lively imagination, and speculation as to what the science of astronomy will eventually reveal runs to extravagant extremes.

SUBJECTS OF SCIENCE IN THE FUTURE.

"Mathematical astronomers, like Newton and La Place, arouse by their marvelous calculations a high state of enthusiasm. But is this the only line along which we can work? The prediction of eclipses, the division of time, the mapping out of the courses of certain heavenly bodies with perfect accuracy, the discovery of comets, planets and suns—are those to be the final triumphs of the science which has revolutionized human thought at two or three stages of man's history? Let me answer in the words of an enthusiast: 'That is not the aim. Behold those millions of suns, similar to that which gives light to the earth, and, like it, sources of movement, activity and splendor; well, those are the subjects of the science of the future—the study of universal and eternal life. You are going to witness the dawn of a new day. Mathematical astronomy will give place to physical astronomy, to the true study of nature.'

"He goes on to say that by the study of nature he means the study of the conditions of life in the various parts of the universe, the physical condition of the planets, their geographical aspects, their climatology and their meteorology. It will probably be proved that Mars and Venus are peopled by thinking beings; that Jupiter has not yet reached a condition where life can be supported; that the conditions are such on Saturn that the beings which inhabit it are of an entirely different organization from our earth dwellers. Still further, astronomy will show that the earth is but one place in the celestial country, and that man is a citizen of the heavens. It will thus lead up to a new philosophy, the religion of superior minds.

NEITHER PROVED NOR DISPROVED.

"Such is the dream and such the final object of the telescopic search. The best that can be said for it from a scientific standpoint is that the facts observed neither prove it nor disprove it. There is only one body where the conditions are believed to be such as to support intelligent beings of our kind. But that is inconclusive. We can observe with our telescopes but three or four out of the millions of heavenly bodies. Moreover, there can be definite adaptation. Should our temperature be greatly raised or lowered, life as it exists now would disappear from the face of the earth; but perhaps there are forms of life which would thrive under the conditions which are fatal to us.

"Again, millions of years passed by before life got a foothold on our globe, according to the best evidence that we have, and for millions of years after life is extinct here it is expected that our planet will roll on through space. The period of intelligent man is but a moment out of an immeasurable lapse of time. It is not probable that, if it were possible to visit each one of the 50,000,000 stars visible through our telescopes, we should find more than one or two at the best where our stage has just been reached.

"Whether the stars are inhabited or not, we know something about the appearance of the universe as presented at some of them by analogy.

"In the solar system of Gamma, in the constellation of Andromeda, instead of one sun, shining with a white light, any possible observer would behold three suns—a yellow sun, a blue sun and a green sun. As one of these suns would be setting another would be rising, and the color of objects would be constantly changing. When the blue sun should be in the zenith all the landscape—the rocks and the waters—would reflect the blue rays, throwing, perhaps, slight tinges of gold or green, due to one of the other suns as it was setting or rising.

"This is but a suggestion of some of the magnificent sights which must be presented near the multiple, triple and double stars, and we know of this through telescopic observation.

"The double stars especially love to show brilliant complementary colors, taking the hue that will contrast most charmingly with that of the next star—a rose colored one beside an emerald, a sapphire blue with a pale yellow primrose for a neighbor, white and ruby, gold and purple, sea green and orange, each increasing the beauties of the others.

"There is a nebula on the Southern Cross which is composed of 110 stars, of which eight of the more conspicuous ones are colored various shades of red, green and blue; the whole gives the appearance here of a rich piece of jewelry. What must be the infinite variety and beauty of the coloring in the near vicinity? Sir John Herschel said that the effect produced on him by this remarkable group was that of 'a superb piece of fancy jewelry.'"

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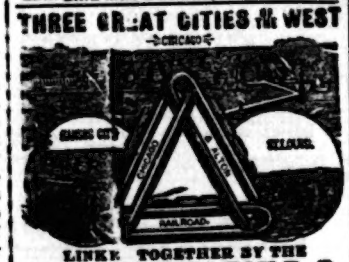

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Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 530 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Daiziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 3127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2516 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 3974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 537 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 35 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeen st; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 633 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Uhiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 363 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 3d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Demlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Parley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuess, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; F Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1093 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Folz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgobann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, SouthChicago.

St. Elisabeth's Court No. 23—B Burns, C R, 4493 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 798 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elisabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 24—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E H Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legenia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J F Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 32 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 186 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J E Lovreen, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Knoera, R S, 536 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Kaler, R S, 199 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond O Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Yeam, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Fazel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebrecht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 336 Cleveland av; Joseph P Holden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonb, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 233 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 334 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5534 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesday.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 490 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; O Nierabach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J Molnerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 256 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J R Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Seppie, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.

County Delegate, J. W. McCarthy, Lemont, Ill.
County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth avenue.
County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.
County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; R. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec., Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 610 Thirty-second-st.; Thos. Halpin, V.-P.; J. P. O'Brien, Rec. Sec, 923 Thirty-fifth-st; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 2525 S. Halsted st., 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 361 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Gordon, Rec. Sec., 609 S Halsted-st; F. F. Radigan, Fin.Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Frell, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; M. Reilly, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 632 Forty-third-st.; John Moore, Fin. Sec.; Wm. Murray, Treas. Meet 1rst Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret, 444 Morgan av.; Rec. Sec., William Madden, 476 W. Fifteenth-st.; Fin. Sec., James E O'Brien, 376 S Morgan st; Treas., Mark Hardin, 423 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 9—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 373 Oak st; F. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 353 N Market st; M. J. Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet 1rst Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P.; J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin.Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 98 Emerson av.; V.-P. Dennis Foley; Rec. Sec., John Hoban, 206 W Indiana st; Fin.Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2662 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3139 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Maener's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Freudergast; Fin.Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V.-P. James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Dugan; Treas. James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Hencly; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lane sts. V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Bresnahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 2 Archer av; V.-P., C A Reedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 3331 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 189 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeoeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas. Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres, John McHenna, 5229 Wentworth av; V.-P. J P Doheny; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4425 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 267 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1086 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3109 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Charles F. Holbrook, 3539 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

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T. F. Thornton, 2010 Third av, Birmingham, Ala.

Dan Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.

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COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S. W. corner of Lake and LaSalle sts.

County Delegate, John Bigane, Brighton Park, Ill.

County Secretary, J. E. Dunn, Lock Box 576, Oak Park, Ill.

County Fin. Secretary, E. Quinn, 550 W. Twenty-first st.

County Treasurer, Phill. Dolan

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1—Pres. Thomas Flynn, 536 W Erie st; Vice-Pres, Wm Griffen; Rec Sec, Michael Tuohy, 43 W Ohio

LOUIS HUTT,

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

He was born in 1835, in Germany, City of Mulchen, a city of about 7,000 inhabitants. He came to this country in his boyhood, in the year 1850, and stopped in Buffalo awhile. His first work was wiping engines and locomotives at the New York Central round house. He left Buffalo and came to Chicago and commenced working in a machine shop, corner of Washington and Canal streets. He worked awhile there and went over to Muskegon, from there to Manistee, Mich., and ran saw mills there. In the spring of 1857 he commenced to work for Shepherd, Sheriff & Smith. He was engaged in their lumber business some years. After leaving them he started on his own hook, in the teaming business. He accumulated a little money and bought a small interest in a planing mill, which was located on the corner of Blackwell and Nineteenth streets. There were three partners, John Philip Brookman, (who is now dead), Hans Iverson and Louis Hutt. He bought Mr. Brookman out after the first year. Mr. Iverson he bought out the second year, and he carried on the business until the expiration of his lease of five years. He then purchased his first piece of property from Gen. H. L Stewart, who is now dead, and built a new mill there. He ran that mill until three years ago. He employed about seventy or eighty men, sometimes as many as 125 He sold the mill and real estate nearly three years ago to the Santa Fe Road for $100 000 cash, with the privilege of remaining there for one year under a lease for which he paid $1. After the expiration of his lease he had a new mill built, which he now occupies, on Grove street. In the meantime he entered into a general lumber business, which he carries on at the corner of Twenty second and Grove streets. His business during the year is about $300,000 He started out at first with nothing, and accumulated all himself. He was a candidate for this office eight years ago, was nominated by the Republicans against William C. Seipp, and was defeated by only 2,700 votes. He was elected County Commissioner and served three years during which he discharged his duties to the public satisfaction. After leaving the Board he was nominated for county treasurer. Louis Hutt deserves well the place he now seeks at the hands of his party. No man has done more for the success of that party in this county than Louis Hutt.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. September Term, A. D 1890 George M. Larimer vs. Ada P. Larimer. In Chancery. No 84,369.

Notice is hereby given to the said Ada P. Larimer that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October A. D. 1890, as is by law required and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.

David Sullivan, Complainant's Solicitor.

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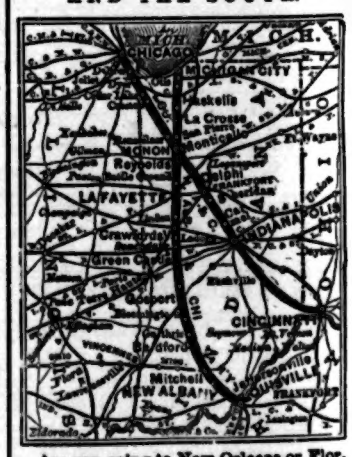

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